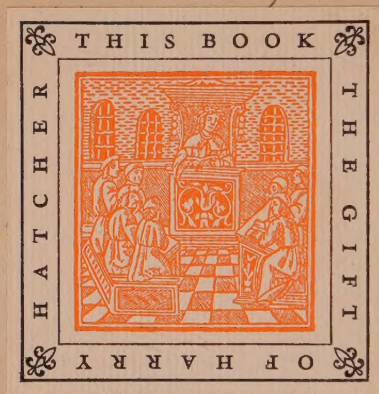




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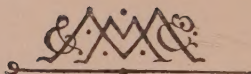








COLLECTED POEMS



MACMILLAN AND CO., LIMITED  
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# COLLECTED POEMS

BY

A. E.

MACMILLAN AND CO., LIMITED  
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1926

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TO

D. N. D.

IN MEMORY OF THE HOUSEHOLD



*COLLECTED here from Homeward, Songs by the Way, The Earth Breath, The Divine Vision, and Voices of the Stones, with such new verses as I thought of equal mood, this book holds what poetry of mine I would wish my friends to read. I have omitted what in colder hours seemed to me to have failed to preserve some heat of the imagination; but in that colder mood I have made but slight revision of those retained. However imperfect they seemed, I did not feel that I could in after hours melt and remould and make perfect the form if I was unable to do so in the intensity of conception, when I was in those heavens we breathe for a moment and then find they are not for our clay. When I first discovered for myself how near was the King in His beauty I thought I would be the singer of the happiest songs. Forgive me, Spirit of my spirit, for this, that I have found it easier to read the mystery told in tears and understood Thee better in sorrow than in joy; that, though I would not, I have made the way seem thorny, and have wandered in too many byways, imagining myself into moods which held Thee not. I should have parted the true from the false, but I have not yet passed away from myself who am in the words of this book. Time is a swift winnower, and that he will do quickly for me.*

*A. E.*





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*OH, be not led away,  
Lured by the colour of the sun-rich day.  
The gay romance of song  
Unto the spirit life doth not belong :  
Though far-between the hours  
In which the Master of Angelic powers  
Lightens the dusk within  
The holy of holies, be it thine to win  
Rare vistas of white light,  
Half-parted lips through which the Infinite  
Murmurs its ancient story,  
Harkening to whom the wandering planets  
hoary  
Waken primeval fires,  
With deeper rapture in celestial choirs  
Breathe, and with fleeter motion  
Wheel in their orbits through the surgeless ocean.  
So hearken thou like these,  
Intent on it, mounting by slow degrees,  
Until thy song's elation  
Echoes the multitudinous meditation.*

## AWAKENING

THE lights shone down the street  
In the long blue close of day :  
A boy's heart beat sweet, sweet,  
As it flowered in its dreamy clay.

Beyond the dazzling throng  
And above the towers of men  
The stars made him long, long,  
To return to their light again.

They lit the wondrous years  
And his heart within was gay ;  
But a life of tears, tears,  
He had won for himself that day.

## BY THE MARGIN OF THE GREAT DEEP

WHEN the breath of twilight blows to flame  
the misty skies,  
All its vaporous sapphire, violet glow and  
silver gleam  
With their magic flood me through the gate-  
way of the eyes ;  
I am one with the twilight's dream.

When the trees and skies and fields are one  
in dusky mood,  
Every heart of man is rapt within the  
mother's breast :  
Full of peace and sleep and dreams in the  
vasty quietude,  
I am one with their hearts at rest.

From our immemorial joys of hearth and  
home and love  
Strayed away along the margin of the un-  
known tide,  
All its reach of soundless calm can thrill me  
far above  
Word or touch from the lips beside.

Aye, and deep and deep and deeper let me  
    drink and draw  
From the olden fountain more than light or  
    peace or dream,  
Such primeval being as o'erfills the heart with  
    awe,  
    Growing one with its silent stream.



## THE UNKNOWN GOD

FAR up the dim twilight fluttered  
Moth-wings of vapour and flame :  
The lights danced over the mountains,  
Star after star they came.

The lights grew thicker unheeded,  
For silent and still were we ;  
Our hearts were drunk with a beauty  
Our eyes could never see.

## THE HERMIT

Now the quietude of earth  
Nestles deep my heart within ;  
Friendships new and strange have birth  
Since I left the city's din.

Here the tempest stays its guile,  
Like a big kind brother plays,  
Romps and pauses here awhile  
From its immemorial ways.

Now the silver light of dawn,  
Slipping through the leaves that fleck  
My one window, hurries on,  
Throws its arms around my neck.

Darkness to my doorway hies,  
Lays her chin upon the roof,  
And her burning seraph eyes  
Now no longer keep aloof.

And the ancient mystery  
Holds its hands out day by day,  
Takes a chair and croons with me  
By my cabin built of clay.

## THE HERMIT

7

When the dusky shadow flits,  
By the chimney nook I see  
Where the old enchanter sits,  
Smiles and waves and beckons me.

## OVERSOUL

I am Beauty itself among beautiful things.

*Bhagavad-Gita.*

THE East was crowned with snow-cold bloom  
And hung with veils of pearly fleece :  
They died away into the gloom,  
Vistas of peace—and deeper peace.

And earth and air and wave and fire  
In awe and breathless silence stood ;  
For One who passed into their choir  
Linked them in mystic brotherhood.

Twilight of amethyst, amid  
Thy few strange stars that lit the heights,  
Where was the secret spirit hid ?  
Where was Thy place, O Light of Lights ?

The flame of Beauty far in space—  
Where rose the fire : in Thee ? in Me ?  
Which bowed the elemental race  
To adoration silently ?

## THE GREAT BREATH

Its edges foamed with amethyst and rose,  
Withers once more the old blue flower of  
    day :  
There where the ether like a diamond glows  
    Its petals fade away.

A shadowy tumult stirs the dusky air ;  
Sparkle the delicate dewes, the distant snows ;  
The great deep thrills, for through it every-  
    where  
    The breath of Beauty blows.

I saw how all the trembling ages past,  
Moulded to her by deep and deeper breath,  
Neared to the hour when Beauty breathes  
    her last  
    And knows herself in death.

## DUSK

Dusk wraps the village in its dim caress ;  
Each chimney's vapour, like a thin grey rod,  
Mounting aloft through miles of quietness,  
Pillars the skies of God.

Far up they break or seem to break their  
line,  
Mingling their nebulous crests that bow and  
nod  
Under the light of those fierce stars that shine  
Out of the calm of God.

. . . . .  
Only in clouds and dreams I felt those souls  
In the abyss, each fire hid in its clod ;  
From which in clouds and dreams the spirit  
rolls  
Into the vast of God.

## NIGHT

HEART-HIDDEN from the outer things I  
    rose ;  
The spirit woke anew in nightly birth  
Unto the vastness where forever glows  
    The star-soul of the earth.

There all alone in primal ecstasy,  
Within her depths where revels never tire,  
The olden Beauty shines : each thought of  
    me  
    Is veined through with its fire.

And all my thoughts are throngs of living  
    souls ;  
They breathe in me, heart unto heart allied ;  
Their joy undimmed, though when the morn-  
    ing tolls  
    The planets may divide.

## DAWN

STILL as the holy of holies breathes the vast,  
Within its crystal depths the stars grow dim ;  
Fire on the altar of the hills at last  
Burns on the shadowy rim.

Moment that holds all moments ; white upon  
The verge it trembles ; then like mists of  
flowers  
Break from the fairy fountain of the dawn  
The hues of many hours.

Thrown downward from that high companion-  
ship  
Of dreaming inmost heart with inmost heart,  
Into the common daily ways I slip  
My fire from theirs apart.



## DAY

IN day from some titanic past it seems  
As if a thread divine of memory runs ;  
Born ere the Mighty One began his dreams,  
Or yet were stars and suns.

But here an iron will has fixed the bars ;  
Forgetfulness falls on earth's myriad races :  
No image of the proud and morning stars  
Looks at us from their faces.

Yet yearning still to reach to those dim  
heights,  
Each dream remembered is a burning-glass,  
Where through to darkness from the Light  
of Lights  
Its rays in splendour pass.

## ECHOES

THE might that shaped itself through storm  
and stress

In chaos, here is lulled in breathing sweet ;  
Under the long brown ridge in gentleness  
Its fierce old pulses beat.

Quiet and sad we go at eve ; the fire  
That woke exultant in an earlier day  
Is dead ; the memories of old desire  
Only in shadows play.

We liken love to this and that ; our thought  
The echo of a deeper being seems :  
We kiss, because God once for beauty sought  
Within a world of dreams.

## STAR TEACHERS

EVEN as a bird sprays many-coloured fires,  
The plumes of paradise, the dying light  
Rays through the fevered air in misty spires  
That vanish in the height.

These myriad eyes that look on me are mine ;  
Wandering beneath them I have found again  
The ancient ample moment, the divine,  
The God-root within men.

For this, for this the lights innumerable  
As symbols shine that we the true light win :  
For every star and every deep they fill  
Are stars and deeps within.

## WINTER

A DIAMOND glow of winter o'er the world :  
Amid the chilly halo nigh the west  
Flickers a phantom violet bloom unfurled  
    Dim on the twilight's breast.

Only phantasmal blooms, but for an hour,  
A transient beauty ; then the white stars  
    shine  
Chilling the heart : I long for thee to flower,  
    O bud of light divine.

But never visible to sense or thought  
The flower of Beauty blooms afar withdrawn ;  
If in our being then we know it not,  
    Or, knowing, it is gone.

## ANSWER

THE warmth of life is quenched with bitter  
frost ;  
Upon the lonely road a child limps by  
Skirting the frozen pools : our way is lost :  
Our hearts sink utterly.

But from the snow-patched moorland chill  
and drear,  
Lifting our eyes beyond the spiréd height,  
With white-fire lips apart the dawn breathes  
clear  
Its soundless hymn of light.

Out of the vast the voice of one replies  
Whose words are clouds and stars and night  
and day,  
When for the light the anguished spirit cries  
Deep in its house of clay.

## THE GIFT

I THOUGHT, beloved, to have brought to you  
A gift of quietness and ease and peace,  
Cooling your brow as with the mystic dew  
Dropping from twilight trees.

Homeward I go not yet ; the darkness  
grows ;  
Not mine the voice to still with peace divine :  
From the first fount the stream of quiet flows  
Through other hearts than mine.

Yet of my night I give to you the stars,  
And of my sorrow here the sweetest gains,  
And out of hell, beyond its iron bars,  
My scorn of all its pains.

## THE DIVINE VISION

THIS mood hath known all beauty, for it sees  
O'erwhelmed majesties  
In these pale forms, and kingly crowns of  
gold  
On brows no longer bold,  
And through the shadowy terrors of their  
hell  
The love for which they fell,  
And how desire which cast them in the deep  
Called God too from His sleep.  
Oh, Pity, only seer, who looking through  
A heart melted like dew,  
Seest the long perished in the present thus,  
For ever dwell in us.  
Whatever time thy golden eyelids ope  
They travel to a hope ;  
Not only backward from these low degrees  
To starry dynasties,  
But, looking far where now the silence owns  
And rules from empty thrones,  
Thou seest the enchanted hills of heaven burn  
For joy at our return.

Thy tender kiss hath memory we are kings  
For all our wanderings.  
Thy shining eyes already see the after  
In hidden light and laughter.



## FROLIC

THE children were shouting together  
And racing along the sands,  
A glimmer of dancing shadows,  
A dovelike flutter of hands.

The stars were shouting in heaven,  
The sun was chasing the moon :  
The game was the same as the children's,  
They danced to the self-same tune.

The whole of the world was merry,  
One joy from the vale to the height,  
Where the blue woods of twilight encircled  
The lovely lawns of the light.

## DESIRE

WITH Thee a moment ! Then what dreams  
have play !

Traditions of eternal toil arise,  
Search for the high, austere and lonely way  
The Spirit moves in through eternities.  
Ah, in the soul what memories arise !

And with what yearning inexpressible,  
Rising from long forgetfulness I turn  
To Thee, invisible, unrumoured, still :  
White for Thy whiteness all desires burn.  
Ah, with what longing once again I turn !

## THE PLACE OF REST

The soul is its own witness and its own refuge.

UNTO the deep the deep heart goes,  
It lays its sadness nigh the breast :  
Only the Mighty Mother knows  
The wounds that quiver unconfessed.

It seeks a deeper silence still ;  
It folds itself around with peace,  
Where thoughts alike of good or ill  
In quietness unfostered cease.

It feels in the unwounding vast  
For comfort for its hopes and fears :  
The Mighty Mother bows at last ;  
She listens to her children's tears.

Where the last anguish deepens—there  
The fire of beauty smites through pain :  
A glory moves amid despair,  
The Mother takes her child again.

## THE DAWN OF DARKNESS

COME earth's little children pit-pat from their  
burrows on the hill ;  
Hangs within the gloom its weary head the  
shining daffodil.  
In the valley underneath us through the  
fragrance flit along  
Over fields and over hedgerows little quiver-  
ing drops of song.  
All adown the pale blue mantle of the  
mountains far away  
Stream the tresses of the twilight flying in the  
wake of day.  
Night comes ; soon alone shall fancy follow  
sadly in her flight  
Where the fiery dust of evening, shaken from  
the feet of light,  
Thrusts its monstrous barriers between the  
pure, the good, the true,  
That our weeping eyes may strain for, but  
shall never after view.  
Only yester eve I watched with heart at rest  
the nebulæ

## THE DAWN OF DARKNESS 25

Looming far within the shadowy shining of  
the Milky Way ;  
Finding in the stillness joy and hope for all  
the sons of men ;  
Now what silent anguish fills a night more  
beautiful than then :  
For earth's age of pain has come, and all her  
sister planets weep,  
Thinking of her fires of morning passing  
into dreamless sleep.  
In this cycle of great sorrow for the moments  
that we last  
We too shall be linked by weeping to the  
greatness of her past :  
But the coming race shall know not, and the  
fount of tears shall dry,  
And the arid heart of man be arid as the  
desert sky.  
So within my mind the darkness dawned, and  
round me everywhere  
Hope departed with the twilight, leaving  
only dumb despair.

## WAITING

WHEN the dawn comes forth I wonder  
Will our sad, sad hearts awaken,  
And the grief we laboured under  
From the new-in-joy be shaken ?

If the night be long in going,  
All our souls will fix in sadness ;  
And the light of morning glowing  
Waken in our eyes no gladness.

All unschooled in mirth we will not  
Rouse forgotten joys from sleeping ;  
And the dawn our pain shall still not :  
We will gaze on it with weeping.

## THE SYMBOL SEDUCES

THERE in her old-world garden smiles  
A symbol of the world's desire,  
Striving with quaint and lovely wiles  
To bind to earth the soul of fire.

And while I sit and listen there,  
The robe of Beauty falls away  
From universal things to where  
Its image dazzles for a day.

Away ! the great life calls ; I leave  
For Beauty, Beauty's rarest flower ;  
For Truth, the lips that ne'er deceive ;  
For Love, I leave Love's haunted bower.

## REST

ON me to rest, my bird, my bird :  
The swaying branches of my heart  
Are blown by every wind toward  
The home whereto their wings depart.

Build not your nest, my bird, on me ;  
I know no peace but ever sway :  
O lovely bird, be free, be free,  
On the wild music of the day.

But sometimes when your wings would rest,  
And winds are laid on quiet eves :  
Come, I will bear you breast to breast,  
And lap you close with loving leaves.



## PITY

THE twinkling mists of green and gold  
Afloat in the abyss of air,  
From out the window high and old  
    We watched together there.

The monstrous fabric of the town  
Lay black below ; the cries of pain  
Came to our ears from up and down  
    The dimly-lighted lane.

Olive, your eyes were turned to me,  
Seeking a soul to sympathise :  
I wondered what that glow might be,  
    Olive, within your eyes.

Into your trembling words there passed  
The sorrow that was sighed through you :  
Pity, a breath from out the vast,  
    From unknown hollows blew.

## THE CITY

Full of Zeus the cities : full of Zeus the harbours :  
full of Zeus are all the ways of men.

WHAT domination of what darkness dies this  
hour,  
And through what new, rejoicing, winged,  
ethereal power  
O'erthrown, the cells opened, the heart re-  
leased from fear ?  
Gay twilight and grave twilight pass. The  
stars appear  
O'er the prodigious, smouldering, dusky, city  
flare.  
The hanging gardens of Babylon were not  
more fair  
Than these blue flickering glades, where child-  
hood in its glee  
Re-echoes with fresh voice the heaven-lit  
ecstasy.  
Yon girl whirls like an eastern dervish. Her  
dance is  
No less a god-intoxicated dance than his,

Though all unknowing the arcane fire that  
lights her feet,

What motions of what starry tribes her limbs  
repeat.

I, too, firesmitten, cannot linger : I know  
there lies

Open somewhere this hour a gate to Paradise,  
Its blazing battlements with watchers thronged,  
O where ?

I know not, but my flame-winged feet shall  
lead me there.

O, hurry, hurry, unknown shepherd of  
desires,

And with thy flock of bright imperishable fires  
Pen me within the starry fold, ere the night  
falls

And I am left alone below immutable walls.

Or am I there already, and is it Paradise

To look on mortal things with an immortal's  
eyes ?

Above the misty brilliance the streets assume

A night-dilated blue magnificence of gloom

Like many-templed Nineveh tower beyond  
tower ;

And I am hurried on in this immortal hour.

Mine eyes beget new majesties : my spirit  
greet

The trams, the high-built glittering galleons  
of the streets

That float through twilight rivers from galaxies  
of light.

Nay, in the Fount of Days they rise, they  
take their flight,  
And wend to the great deep, the Holy Sepulchre.  
Those dark misshapen folk to be made lovely  
there

Hurry with me, not all ignoble as we seem,  
Lured by some inexpressible and gorgeous  
dream.

The earth melts in my blood. The air that  
I inhale  
Is like enchanted wine poured from the Holy  
Grail.

What was that glimmer then? Was it the  
flash of wings

As through the blinded mart rode on the  
King of Kings?

O stay, departing glory, stay with us but a  
day,

And burning seraphim shall leap from out  
our clay,

And plumed and crested hosts shall shine  
where men have been,

Heaven hold no lordlier court than earth at  
College Green.

Ah, no, the wizardry is over ; the magic flame  
That might have melted all in beauty fades  
as it came.

The stars are far and faint and strange. The  
night draws down.

Exiled from light, forlorn, I walk in Dublin  
Town.

Yet had I might to lift the veil, the will to  
dare,  
The fiery rushing chariots of the Lord are  
there,  
The whirlwind path, the blazing gates, the  
trumpets blown,  
The halls of heaven, the majesty of throne by  
throne,  
Enraptured faces, hands uplifted, welcome sung  
By the thronged gods, tall, golden-coloured,  
joyful, young.

## DUST

I HEARD them in their sadness say,  
"The earth rebukes the thought of God;  
We are but embers wrapped in clay  
A little nobler than the sod."

But I have touched the lips of clay,  
Mother, thy rudest sod to me  
Is thrilled with fire of hidden day,  
And haunted by all mystery.

## THE VIRGIN MOTHER

Who is that goddess to whom men should  
    pray,  
But her from whom their hearts have turned  
    away,  
Out of whose virgin being they were born,  
Whose mother nature they have named with  
    scorn  
Calling its holy substance common clay.

Yet from this so despised earth was made  
The milky whiteness of those queens who  
    swayed  
Their generations with a light caress,  
And from some image of whose loveliness  
The heart built up high heaven when it  
    prayed.

Lover, your heart, the heart on which it lies,  
Your eyes that gaze and those alluring eyes,  
Your lips, the lips they kiss, alike had birth  
Within that dark divinity of earth,  
Within that mother being you despise.

Ah, when I think this earth on which I tread  
Hath borne these blossoms of the lovely dead,  
And makes the living heart I love to beat,  
I look with sudden awe beneath my feet  
As you with erring reverence overhead.



## DANA

I AM the tender voice calling "Away,"  
Whispering between the beatings of the heart,  
And inaccessible in dewy eyes  
I dwell, and all unkissed on lovely lips,  
Lingering between white breasts inviolate,  
And fleeting ever from the passionate touch,  
I shine afar, till men may not divine  
Whether it is the stars or the beloved  
They follow with rapt spirit. And I weave  
My spells at evening, folding with dim caress,  
Aerial arms and twilight dropping hair,  
The lonely wanderer by wood or shore,  
Till, filled with some deep tenderness, he  
yields,  
Feeling in dreams for the dear mother heart  
He knew, ere he forsook the starry way,  
And clings there, pillowed far above the  
smoke  
And the dim murmur from the duns of men.  
I can enchant the trees and rocks, and fill  
The dumb brown lips of earth with mystery,  
Make them reveal or hide the god. I breathe

A deeper pity than all love, myself  
Mother of all, but without hands to heal :  
Too vast and vague, they know me not.

But yet,

I am the heartbreak over fallen things,  
The sudden gentleness that stays the blow,  
And I am in the kiss that foemen give  
Pausing in battle, and in the tears that fall  
Over the vanquished foe, and in the highest,  
Among the Danaan gods, I am the last  
Council of mercy in their hearts where they  
Met justice from a thousand starry thrones.

## THE EARTH BREATH

FROM the cool and dark-lipped furrows  
Breathes a dim delight  
Through the woodland's purple plumage  
To the diamond night.  
Aureoles of joy encircle  
Every blade of grass  
Where the dew-fed creatures silent  
And enraptured pass.  
And the restless ploughman pauses,  
Turns and, wondering,  
Deep beneath his rustic habit  
Finds himself a king ;  
For a fiery moment looking  
With the eyes of God  
Over fields a slave at morning  
Bowed him to the sod.  
Blind and dense with revelation  
Every moment flies,  
And unto the Mighty Mother,  
Gay, eternal, rise  
All the hopes we hold, the gladness,  
Dreams of things to be.

One of all thy generations,  
Mother, hails to thee.  
Hail, and hail, and hail for ever,  
Though I turn again  
From thy joy unto the human  
Vestiture of pain.  
I, thy child who went forth radiant  
In the golden prime,  
Find thee still the mother-hearted  
Through my night in time ;  
Find in thee the old enchantment  
There behind the veil  
Where the gods, my brothers, linger.  
Hail, forever; hail !

## ALTER EGO

ALL the morn a spirit gay  
Breathes within my heart a rhyme,  
'Tis but hide and seek we play  
In and out the courts of time.

Fairy lover, when my feet  
Through the tangled woodland go,  
'Tis thy sunny fingers fleet  
Fleck the fire dewes to and fro.

In the moonlight grows a smile  
Mid its rays of dusty pearl—  
'Tis but hide and seek the while,  
As some frolic boy and girl.

When I fade into the deep  
Some mysterious radiance showers  
From the jewel-heart of sleep  
Through the veil of darkened hours.

Where the ring of twilight gleams  
Round the sanctuary wrought,

Whispers haunt me—in my dreams  
We are one yet know it not.

Some for beauty follow long  
Flying traces ; some there be  
Seek thee only for a song :  
I to lose myself in thee.

## NATURAL MAGIC

WE are tired who follow after  
Phantasy and truth that flies :  
You with only look and laughter  
Stain our hearts with richest dyes

When you break upon our study  
Vanish all our frosty cares ;  
As the diamond deep grows ruddy,  
Filled with morning unawares.

With the stuff that dreams are made of  
But an empty house we build :  
Glooms we are ourselves afraid of,  
By the ancient starlight chilled.

All unwise in thought or duty—  
Still our wisdom envies you :  
We who lack the living beauty  
Half our secret knowledge rue.

Thought nor fear in you nor dreaming  
Veil the light with mist about ;

Joy, as through a crystal gleaming,  
Flashes from the gay heart out.

Pain and penitence forsaking,  
Hearts like cloisters dim and grey,  
By your laughter lured, awaking  
Join with you the dance of day.



## CHILDHOOD

How I could see through and through you !  
So unconscious, tender, kind,  
More than ever was known to you  
Of the pure ways of your mind.

We who long to rest from strife  
Labour sternly as a duty ;  
But a magic in your life  
Charms, unknowing of its beauty.

We are pools whose depths are told ;  
You are like a mystic fountain,  
Issuing ever pure and cold  
From the hollows of the mountain.

We are men by anguish taught  
To distinguish false from true ;  
Higher wisdom we have not ;  
But a joy within guides you.

### THREE COUNSELLORS

It was the fairy of the place,  
Moving within a little light,  
Who touched with dim and shadowy grace  
The conflict at its fever height.

It seemed to whisper "Quietness,"  
Then quietly itself was gone :  
Yet echoes of its mute caress  
Were with me as the years went on.

It was the warrior within  
Who called "Awake, prepare for fight :  
Yet lose not memory in the din :  
Make of thy gentleness thy might :

"Make of thy silence words to shake  
The long-enthroned kings of earth :  
Make of thy will the force to break  
Their towers of wantonness and mirth."

It was the wise all-seeing soul  
Who counselled neither war nor peace :  
"Only be thou thyself that goal  
In which the wars of time shall cease."

## SYMBOLISM

Now when the spirit in us wakes and broods,  
Filled with home yearnings, drowsily it  
flings

From its deep heart high dreams and mystic  
moods,

Mixed with the memory of the loved earth  
things :

Clothing the vast with a familiar face ;

Reaching its right hand forth to greet the  
starry race.

Wondrously near and clear the great warm  
fires

Stare from the blue ; so shows the cottage  
light

To the field labourer whose heart desires

The old folk by the nook, the welcome  
bright

From the house-wife long parted from at  
dawn—

So the star villages in God's great depths  
withdrawn.

Nearer to Thee, not by delusion led,  
Though there no house fires burn nor bright  
    eyes gaze :  
We rise, but by the symbol charioted,  
Through loved things rising up to Love's  
    own ways :  
By these the soul unto the vast has wings  
And sets the seal celestial on all mortal things.

## IMMORTALITY

WE must pass like smoke or live within the  
spirit's fire ;  
For we can no more than smoke unto the  
flame return  
If our thought has changed to dream, our  
will unto desire,  
As smoke we vanish though the fire  
may burn.

Lights of infinite pity star the grey dusk of  
our days :  
Surely here is soul : with it we have eternal  
breath :  
In the fire of love we live, or pass by many  
ways,  
By unnumbered ways of dream to death.

## MYSTERY

WHY does this sudden passion smite me ?  
I stretch my hands, all blind to see :  
I need the lamp of the world to light me,  
    Lead me and set me free.

Something a moment seemed to stoop from  
The night with cool, cool breath on my  
    face :  
Or did the hair of the twilight droop from  
    Its silent wandering ways ?

About me in the thick wood netted  
The wizard glow looks human-wise ;  
And over the tree-tops barred and fretted  
    Ponders with strange old eyes.

The tremulous lips of air blow by me  
And hymn their time-old melody :  
Its secret strain comes nigh and nigh me :  
    “ Ah, brother, come with me ;

“For here the ancient mother lingers  
To dip her hands in the diamond dew,  
And lave thine ache with cloud-cool fingers  
Till sorrow die from you.”

## A NEW WORLD

I WHO had sought afar from earth  
The faery land to meet,  
Now find content within its girth  
And wonder nigh my feet.

To-day a nearer love I choose  
And seek no distant sphere ;  
For aureoled by faery dews  
The dear brown breasts appear.

With rainbow radiance come and go  
The airy breaths of day ;  
And eve is all a pearly glow  
With moonlit winds a-play.

The lips of twilight burn my brow,  
The arms of night caress :  
Glimmer her white eyes drooping now  
With grave old tenderness.

I close mine eyes from dream to be  
The diamond-rayed again,



As in the ancient hours ere we  
Forgot ourselves to men.

And all I thought of heaven before  
I find in earth below :  
A sunlight in the hidden core  
To dim the noonday glow.

And with the earth my heart is glad,  
I move as one of old ;  
With mists of silver I am clad  
And bright with burning gold.

## SACRIFICE

THOSE delicate wanderers,  
The wind, the star, the cloud,  
Ever before mine eyes,  
As to an altar bowed,  
Light and dew-laden airs  
Offer in sacrifice.

The offerings arise :  
Hazes of rainbow light,  
Pure crystal, blue, and gold,  
Through dreamland take their flight ;  
And 'mid the sacrifice  
God moveth as of old.

In miracles of fire  
He symbols forth his days ;  
In gleams of crystal light  
Reveals what pure pathways  
Lead to the soul's desire,  
The silence of the height.

## BROTHERHOOD

TWILIGHT, a blossom grey in shadowy valleys  
dwells :

Under the radiant dark the deep blue-tinted  
bells

In quietness reimage heaven within their  
blooms,

Sapphire and gold and mystery. What  
strange perfumes,

Out of what deeps arising, all the flower-bells  
fling,

Unknowing the enchanted odorous song they  
sing !

Oh, never was an eve so living yet : the wood  
Stirs not but breathes enraptured quietude.

Here in these shades the ancient knows itself,  
the soul,

And out of slumber waking starts unto the  
goal.

What bright companions nod and go along  
with it !

Out of the teeming dark what dusky creatures  
flit,

That through the long leagues of the island  
    night above  
Come by me, wandering, whispering, beseech-  
    ing love ;  
As in the twilight children gather close and  
    press  
Nigh and more nigh with shadowy tenderness,  
Feeling they know not what, with noiseless  
    footsteps glide  
Seeking familiar lips or hearts to dream beside.  
O voices, I would go with you, with you,  
    away,  
Facing once more the radiant gateways of the  
    day ;  
With you, with you, what memories arise,  
    and nigh  
Trampling the crowded figures of the dawn  
    go by,  
Dread deities, the giant powers that warred  
    on men  
Grow tender brothers and gay children once  
    again ;  
Fades every hate away before the Mother's  
    breast  
Where all the exiles of the heart return to  
    rest.

## ON A HILL-TOP

BEARDED with dewy grass the mountains  
thrust

Their blackness high into the still grey light,  
Deepening to blue : far up the glimmering  
height

In silver transience shines the starry dust.

Silent the sheep about me ; fleece by fleece  
They sleep and stir not : I with awe around  
Wander uncertain o'er the giant mound,  
A fire that moves between their peace and  
peace.

The city myriads dream or sleep below ;  
Aloft another day has but begun :  
Under the radiance of the Midnight Sun  
The Tree of Life put forth its leaves to grow.

Wiser than they below who dream or sleep ?  
I know not ; but their day is dream to me,  
And in their darkness I awake to see  
A Thought that moves like light within the  
deep.

Only from dream to dream our spirits pass .  
Well, let us rise and fly from sphere to sphere ;  
Some one of all unto the light more near  
Mirrors the Dreamer in its glowing glass.

## THE VOICE OF THE WATERS

WHERE the Greyhound River windeth  
through a loneliness so deep,  
Scarce a wild fowl shakes the quiet that the  
purple boglands keep,  
Only God exults in silence over fields no man  
may reap.

Where the silver wave with sweetness fed the  
tiny lives of grass  
I was bent above, my image mirrored in the  
fleeting glass,  
And a voice from out the water through my  
being seemed to pass.

“Still above the waters brooding, spirit, in  
thy timeless quest ;  
Was the glory of thine image trembling over  
east and west  
Not divine enough when mirrored in the  
morning water’s breast ?”

60 THE VOICE OF THE WATERS

With the sighing voice that murmured I  
    was borne to ages dim  
Ere the void was lit with beauty breathed  
    upon by seraphim,  
We were cradled there together folded in  
    the peace in Him.

One to be the master spirit, one to be the  
    slave awoke,  
One to shape itself obedient to the fiery words  
    we spoke,  
Flame and flood and stars and mountains  
    from the primal waters broke.

I was huddled in the heather when the vision  
    failed its light,  
Still and blue and vast above me towered aloft  
    the solemn height,  
Where the stars like dewdrops glistened on  
    the mountain slope of night.



## KRISHNA

(Imitated from a fragment of the Vaishnava Scriptures.)

I PAUSED beside the cabin door and saw the  
King of Kings at play,  
Tumbled upon the grass I spied the little  
heavenly runaway.  
The mother laughed upon the child made gay  
by its ecstatic morn,  
And yet the sages spake of It as of the  
Ancient and Unborn.  
I heard the passion breathed amid the honey-  
suckle scented glade,  
And saw the King pass lightly from the  
beauty that he had betrayed.  
I saw him pass from love to love ; and yet the  
pure allowed His claim  
To be the purest of the pure, thrice holy,  
stainless, without blame.  
I saw the open tavern door flash on the dusk  
a ruddy glare,  
And saw the King of Kings outcast reel  
brawling through the starlit air.  
And yet He is the Prince of Peace of whom  
the ancient wisdom tells,

And by their silence men adore the lovely  
    silence where He dwells.  
I saw the King of Kings again, a thing to  
    shudder at and fear,  
A form so darkened and so marred that  
    childhood fled if it drew near.  
And yet He is the Light of Lights whose  
    blossoming is Paradise,  
That Beauty of the King which dawns upon  
    the seers' enraptured eyes.  
I saw the King of Kings again, a miser with  
    a heart grown cold,  
And yet He is the Prodigal, the Spendthrift  
    of the Heavenly Gold,  
The largesse of whose glory crowns the  
    blazing brows of cherubim,  
And sun and moon and stars and flowers are  
    jewels scattered forth by Him.  
I saw the King of Kings descend the narrow  
    doorway to the dust  
With all his fires of morning still, the beauty,  
    bravery, and lust.  
And yet He is the life within the Ever-living  
    Living Ones,  
The ancient with eternal youth, the cradle of  
    the infant suns,  
The fiery fountain of the stars, and He the  
    golden urn where all  
The glittering spray of planets in their myriad  
    beauty fall.

## FREEDOM

I WILL not follow you, my bird,  
I will not follow you.  
I would not breathe a word, my bird,  
To bring thee here anew.

I love the free in thee, my bird,  
The lure of freedom drew ;  
The light you fly toward, my bird,  
I fly with thee unto.

And there we yet will meet, my bird,  
Though far I go from you  
Where in the light outpoured, my bird,  
Are love and freedom too.

## THE EARTH

THEY tell me that the earth is still the same  
Although the Red Branch now is but a  
    name,  
That yonder peasant lifting up his eyes  
Can see the marvel of the morning rise,  
The wonder Deirdre gazed on when she  
    came.

I cannot think the hearts that beat so high  
Had not a lordlier palace roof of sky,  
And that the earth on which the heroes  
    trod  
Seemed not to live beneath them like a god  
Who loved them and could answer to their  
    cry.

Who said the sun will shine with equal face  
Alike upon the noble and the base?  
The mighty only to the mighty seems;  
The world that loomed through proud and  
    golden dreams  
Has dropped behind this world and left no  
    trace.

When that the proud and golden race passed  
by,  
This cold paternal majesty on high,  
This unresponsive earth beneath the feet,  
Replaced the dear brown breasts that were so  
sweet,  
The face of brooding love within the sky.

How could a beggar wear the kingly crown,  
Or those who weakly laid the sceptre down,  
Walk 'mid the awful beauty God had made  
For those whose hearts were proud and un-  
afraid,  
Careless if on His face were smile or frown ?

## TO ONE CONSECRATED

YOUR paths were all unknown to us :  
We were so far away from you :  
We mixed in thought your spirit thus—  
With whiteness, stars of gold, and dew.

The Mighty Mother nourished you ;  
Her breath blew from her mystic bowers ;  
Their elfin glimmer floated through  
The pureness of your shadowy hours.

The Mighty Mother made you wise,  
Gave love that clears the hidden ways ;  
Her glooms were glory to your eyes,  
Her darkness but the fount of days.

You with all gentleness she graced,  
And beauty radiant as the morn's :  
She made our joy in yours, then placed  
Upon your head a crown of thorns.

Your eyes are filled with tender light  
For those whose eyes are dim with tears :  
They see your brow is crowned and bright  
But not its ring of wounding spears.

## FORGIVENESS

At dusk the window panes grew grey ;  
The wet world vanished in the gloom ;  
The dim and silver end of day  
Scarce glimmered through the little room.

And all my sins were told ; I said  
Such things to her who knew not sin—  
The sharp ache throbbing in my head,  
The fever running high within.

I touched with pain her purity ;  
Sin's darker sense I could not bring :  
My soul was black as night to me ;  
To her I was a wounded thing.

I needed love no words could say ;  
She drew me softly nigh her chair,  
My head upon her knees to lay,  
With cool hands that caressed my hair.

She sat with hands as if to bless,  
And looked with grave, ethereal eyes ;  
Ensouled by ancient Quietness,  
A gentle priestess of the Wise.

## A WOMAN'S VOICE

Hrs head within my bosom lay,  
But yet his spirit slipped not through :  
I only felt the burning clay  
That withered for the cooling dew.

It was but pity when I spoke  
And called him to my heart for rest,  
And half a mother's love that woke  
Feeling his head upon my breast :

And half the lion's tenderness  
To shield her cubs from hurt or death,  
Which, when the serried hunters press,  
Makes terrible her wounded breath.

But when the lips I breathed upon  
Asked for such love as equals claim—  
I looked where all the stars were gone  
Burned in the day's immortal flame.

“Come thou like yon great dawn to me  
From darkness vanquished, battles done :  
Flame unto flame shall flow and be  
Within thy heart and mine as one.”



## THE SPIRIT OF THE GAY

WITH the glamour of the Gay  
How you made our hearts to flame ;  
Gave each life some airy aim :  
Ever round you seemed to play  
Sunlight from some inner day.

Dazzling as with red and gold ;  
Rich with beauty, love and youth—  
How were we to know the truth,  
That if all the tale were told  
Life for you was sad and cold ?

For you found if we would wake  
And the joy make young each heart,  
You who told must stand apart :  
And you bore it for our sake,  
Though your heart was nigh to break.

So your life was like a sphere's :  
One side, all aglow, meets day,  
And the other turned away,  
Icy-strange and cold appears,  
Overhung with starry tears.

## HEROIC LOVE

WHEN our glowing dreams were dead,  
Ruined our heroic piles,  
Something in your dark eyes said :  
“ Think no more of love or smiles.”

Something in me still would say,  
“ Though our dreamland palace goes,  
I have seen how in decay  
Still the wild rose clings and blows.”

But your dark eyes willed it thus :  
“ Build our lofty dream again :  
Let our palace rise o'er us :  
Love can never be till then.”

## DIVINE VISITATION

THE heavens lay hold on us : the starry rays  
Fondle with flickering fingers brow and eyes :  
A new enchantment lights the ancient skies.  
What is it looks between us gaze on gaze ;  
Does the wild spirit of the endless days  
Chase through my heart some lure that ever  
flies?

Only I know the vast within me cries  
Finding in thee the ending of all ways.  
Ah, but they vanish ; the immortal train  
From thee, from me, depart, yet take from  
thee

Memorial grace : laden with adoration  
Forth from this heart they flow that all in vain  
Would stay the proud eternal powers that  
flee

After the chase in burning exultation.

## PARTING

As from our dream we died away  
Far off I felt the outer things :  
Your wind-blown tresses round me play,  
Your bosom's gentle murmurings.

And far away our faces met  
As on the verge of the vast spheres :  
And in the night our cheeks were wet,  
I could not say with dew or tears.

O gate by which I entered in !  
O face and hair ! O lips and eyes !  
Through you again the world I win,  
How far away from Paradise !

## NIGHT

BURNING our hearts out with longing  
The daylight passed :  
Millions and millions together,  
The stars at last !

Purple the woods where the dewdrops,  
Pearly and grey,  
Wash in the cool from our faces  
The flame of day.

Glory and shadow grow one in  
The hazel wood :  
Laughter and peace in the stillness  
Together brood.

Hopes all unearthly are thronging  
In hearts of earth :  
Tongues of the starlight are calling  
Our souls to birth.

Down from the heaven its secrets  
Drop one by one ;  
Where time is for ever beginning  
And time is done.

There light eternal is over  
Chaos and night :  
Singing with dawn lips for ever,  
"Let there be light!"

There too for ever in twilight  
Time slips away,  
Closing in darkness and rapture  
Its awful day.

## DAWN SONG

WHILE the earth is dark and grey  
How I laugh within. I know  
In my breast what ardours gay  
From the morning overflow.

Though the cheek be white and wet  
In my heart no fear may fall :  
There my chieftain leads and yet  
Ancient battle trumpets call.

Bend on me no hasty frown  
If my spirit slight your cares :  
Sunlike still my joy looks down  
Changing tears to beamy airs.

Think me not of fickle heart  
If with joy my bosom swells  
Though your ways from mine depart,  
In the true are no farewells.

What I love in you I find  
Everywhere. A friend I greet  
In each flower and tree and wind—  
Oh, but life is sweet, is sweet !

What to you are bolts and bars  
Are to me the arms that guide  
To the freedom of the stars,  
Where my golden kinsmen bide.

From my mountain top I view :  
Twilight's purple flower is gone,  
And I send my song to you  
On the level light of dawn.



## THE HOUR OF THE KING

Who would think this quiet breather  
From the world had taken flight?  
Yet within the form we see there  
Wakes the Golden King to-night.

Out upon the face of faces  
He looked forth before his sleep:  
Now he knows the starry races  
Haunters of the ancient deep.

On the Bird of Diamond Glory  
Floats in mystic floods of song:  
As he lists Time's triple story  
Seems but as a day is long.

From the mightier Adam falling  
To his image dwarfed in clay,  
He will at our voices calling  
Come to this side of the day.

When he wakes, the dreamy-hearted,  
He will know not whence he came,  
And the light from which he parted  
Be the seraph's sword of flame,

78 THE HOUR OF THE KING

And behind it hosts supernal  
Guarding the lost paradise,  
And the tree of life eternal  
From the weeping human eyes.

## THE HEROES

By many a dream of God and man my  
thoughts in shining flocks were led :

But as I went through Patrick Street the  
hopes and prophecies were dead.

The hopes and prophecies were dead : they  
could not blossom where the feet

Walked amid rottenness, or where the brawl-  
ing shouters stamped the street.

Where was the beauty that the Lord gave men  
when first they towered in pride ?

But one came by me at whose word the bitter  
condemnation died.

His brows were crowned with thorns of light :  
his eyes were bright as one who sees

The starry palaces shine o'er the sparkle of  
the heavenly seas.

" Is it not beautiful ? " he cried. " Our Faery  
Land of Hearts' Desire

Is mingled through the mire and mist, yet  
stainless keeps its lovely fire.

The pearly phantoms with blown hair are  
dancing where the drunkards reel :

The cloud frail daffodils shine out where filth  
is splashing from the heel.  
O sweet, and sweet, and sweet to hear, the  
melodies in rivers run :  
The rapture of their crowded notes is yet the  
myriad voice of One.  
Those who are lost and fallen here, to-night  
in sleep shall pass the gate,  
Put on the purples of the King, and know  
them masters of their fate.  
Each wrinkled hag shall reassume the plumes  
and hues of paradise :  
Each brawler be enthroned in calm among the  
Children of the Wise.  
Yet in the council with the gods no one will  
falter to pursue  
His lofty purpose, but come forth the cyclic  
labours to renew ;  
And take the burden of the world and veil  
his beauty in a shroud,  
And wrestle with the chaos till the anarch to  
the light be bowed.  
We cannot for forgetfulness forego the rever-  
ence due to them  
Who wear at times they do not guess the  
sceptre and the diadem.  
As bright a crown as this was theirs when first  
they from the Father sped ;  
Yet look with deeper eyes and still the ancient  
beauty is not dead."

He mingled with the multitude. I saw their  
brows were crowned and bright,  
A light around the shadowy heads, a shadow  
round the head of light.

## PAIN

MEN have made them gods of love,  
Sun-gods, givers of the rain,  
Deities of hill and grove :  
I have made a god of Pain.

Of my god I know this much,  
And in singing I repeat,  
Though there's anguish in his touch,  
Yet his soul within is sweet.

## SELF-DISCIPLINE

WHEN the soul sought refuge in the place  
of rest,  
Overborne by strife and pain beyond control,  
From some secret hollow, whisper soft-  
confessed,  
Came the legend of the soul.

Some bright one of old time laid his sceptre  
down  
So his heart might learn of sweet and bitter  
truth ;  
Going forth bereft of beauty, throne, and  
crown,  
And the sweetness of his youth.

So the old appeal and fierce revolt we make  
Through the world's hour dies within our  
primal will ;  
And we justify the pain and hearts that break,  
And our lofty doom fulfil.

## THE MAN TO THE ANGEL

I HAVE wept a million tears :  
Pure and proud one, where are thine,  
What the gain though all thy years  
In unbroken beauty shine?

All your beauty cannot win  
Truth we learn in pain and sighs :  
You can never enter in  
To the circle of the wise.

They are but the slaves of light  
Who have never known the gloom,  
And between the dark and bright  
Willed in freedom their own doom.

Think not in your pureness there,  
That our pain but follows sin :  
There are fires for those who dare  
Seek the throne of might to win.

Pure one, from your pride refrain :  
Dark and lost amid the strife  
I am myriad years of pain  
Nearer to the fount of life.



When defiance fierce is thrown  
At the god to whom you bow,  
Rest the lips of the Unknown  
Tenderest upon my brow.

## A VISION OF BEAUTY

WHERE we sat at dawn together, while the  
star-rich heavens shifted,  
We were weaving dreams in silence, suddenly  
the veil was lifted.  
By a hand of fire awakened, in a moment  
caught and led  
Upward to the heaven of heavens—through  
the star-mists overhead  
Flare and flaunt the monstrous highlands ;  
on the sapphire coast of night  
Fall the ghostly froth and fringes of the  
ocean of the light.  
Many coloured shine the vapours : to the  
moon-eye far away  
'Tis the fairy ring of twilight, mid the spheres  
of night and day,  
Girdling with a rainbow cincture round the  
planet where we go,  
We and it together fleeting, poised upon the  
pearly glow ;  
We and it and all together flashing through  
the starry spaces

In a tempest dream of beauty lighting up the  
face of faces.  
Half our eyes behold the glory ; half within  
the spirit's glow  
Echoes of the noiseless revels and the will of  
Beauty go.  
By a hand of fire uplifted—to her star-strewn  
palace brought,  
To the mystic heart of beauty and the secret  
of her thought :  
Here of yore the ancient Mother in the fire  
mists sank to rest,  
And she built her dreams about her, rayed  
from out her burning breast :  
Here the wild will woke within her lighting  
up her flying dreams,  
Round and round the planets whirling  
break in woods and flowers and  
streams,  
And the winds are shaken from them as the  
leaves from off the rose,  
And the feet of earth go dancing in the way  
that beauty goes,  
And the souls of earth are kindled by the  
incense of her breath  
As her light alternate lures them through the  
gates of birth and death.  
O'er the fields of space together following her  
flying traces,  
In a radiant tumult thronging, suns and stars  
and myriad races

Mount the spirit spires of beauty, reaching  
onward to the day  
When the Shepherd of the Ages draws his  
misty hordes away  
Through the glimmering deeps to silence, and  
within the awful fold  
Life and joy and love forever vanish as a  
tale is told,  
Lost within the Mother's being. So the  
vision flamed and fled,  
And before the glory fallen every other dream  
lay dead.

## THE VESTURE OF THE SOUL

I PITIED one whose tattered dress  
Was patched, and stained with dust and rain ;  
He smiled on me ; I could not guess  
The viewless spirit's wide domain.

He said, " The royal robe I wear  
Trails all along the fields of light :  
Its silent blue and silver bear  
For gems the starry dust of night.

" The breath of Joy unceasingly  
Waves to and fro its folds starlit,  
And far beyond earth's misery  
I live and breathe the joy of it."

## THE FREE

THEY bathed in the fire-flooded fountains :  
Life girdled them round and about :  
They slept in the clefts of the mountains :  
The stars called them forth with a shout.

They prayed, but their worship was only  
The wonder at nights and at days,  
As still as the lips of the lonely  
Though burning with dumbness of praise.

No sadness of earth ever captured  
Their spirits who bowed at the shrine :  
They fled to the Lonely enraptured  
And hid in the darkness divine.

As children at twilight may gather,  
They met at the doorway of death  
The smile of the dark hidden Father,  
The Mother with magical breath.

Untold of in song or in story,  
In days long forgotten of men,  
Their eyes were yet blind with a glory  
Time will not remember again.

## COMFORT

DARK head by the fireside brooding,  
Where upon your ears  
Whirlwinds of the earth intruding  
Sound in wrath and tears :

Tender-hearted, in your lonely  
Sorrow I would fain  
Comfort you, and say that only  
Gods could feel such pain.

Only spirits know such longing  
For the far away ;  
And the fiery fancies thronging  
Rise not out of clay.

Keep the secret sense celestial  
Of the starry birth ;  
Though about you call the bestial  
Voices of the earth.

If a thousand ages since  
Hurled us from the throne :  
Then a thousand ages wins  
Back again our own.

Sad one, dry away your tears :  
Mount again anew :  
In the great ancestral spheres  
Waits the throne for you.



## WARNING

PURE at heart we wander now :  
Comrade on the quest divine,  
Turn not from the stars your brow  
That your eyes may rest on mine.

Pure at heart we wander now :  
We have hopes beyond to-day ;  
And our quest does not allow  
Rest or dreams along the way.

We are, in our distant hope,  
One with all the great and wise :  
Comrade, do not turn or grope  
For some lesser light that dies.

We must rise or we must fall :  
Love can know no middle way :  
If the great life do not call,  
Then is sadness and decay.

## DREAM LOVE

I DID not deem it half so sweet  
To feel thy gentle hand,  
As in a dream thy soul to greet  
Across wide leagues of land.

Untouched more near to draw to you  
Where, amid radiant skies,  
Glimmered thy plumes of iris hue,  
My Bird of Paradise.

Let me dream only with my heart,  
Love first, and after see :  
Know thy diviner counterpart  
Before I kneel to thee.

So in thy motions all expressed  
Thy angel I may view :  
I shall not on thy beauty rest,  
But beauty's self in you.

## REFUGE

TWILIGHT, a timid fawn, went glimmering  
by,  
And Night, the dark-blue hunter, followed  
fast,  
Ceaseless pursuit and flight were in the sky,  
But the long chase had ceased for us at  
last.

We watched together while the driven fawn  
Hid in the golden thicket of the day.  
We, from whose hearts pursuit and flight  
were gone,  
Knew on the hunter's breast her refuge  
lay.

## THE BURNING-GLASS

A SHAFT of fire that falls like dew,  
And melts and maddens all my blood,  
From out thy spirit flashes through  
The burning-glass of womanhood.

Only so far ; here must I stay :  
Nearer I miss the light, the fire ;  
I must endure the torturing ray,  
And with all beauty, all desire.

Ah, time long must the effort be,  
And far the way that I must go  
To bring my spirit unto thee,  
Behind the glass, within the glow.

## BABYLON

THE blue dusk ran between the streets : my  
love was winged within my mind,  
It left to-day and yesterday and thrice a  
thousand years behind.  
To-day was past and dead for me, for from  
to-day my feet had run  
Through thrice a thousand years to walk the  
ways of ancient Babylon.  
On temple top and palace roof the burnished  
gold flung back the rays  
Of a red sunset that was dead and lost  
beyond a million days.  
The tower of heaven turns darker blue, a  
starry sparkle now begins ;  
The mystery and magnificence, the myriad  
beauty and the sins  
Come back to me. I walk beneath the  
shadowy multitude of towers ;  
Within the gloom the fountain jets its pallid  
mist in lily flowers.  
The waters lull me and the scent of many  
gardens, and I hear

Familiar voices, and the voice I love is  
whispering in my ear.

Oh real as in dream all this ; and then a  
hand on mine is laid :

The wave of phantom time withdraws ; and  
that young Babylonian maid,

One drop of beauty left behind from all the  
flowing of that tide,

Is looking with the self-same eyes, and here  
in Ireland by my side.

Oh light our life in Babylon, but Babylon  
has taken wings,

While we are in the calm and proud  
procession of eternal things.

## THE FACES OF MEMORY

DREAM faces bloom around your face  
Like flowers upon one stem ;  
The heart of many a vanished race  
Sighs as I look on them.

The sun rich face of Egypt glows,  
The eyes of Eire brood,  
With whom the golden Cyprian shows  
In lovely sisterhood.

Your tree of life put forth these flowers  
In ages past away :  
They had the love in other hours  
I give to you to-day.

One light their eyes have, as may shine  
One star on many a sea,  
They look that tender love on mine  
That lights your glance on me.

They fade in you ; their lips are fain  
To meet the old caress :  
And all their love is mine again  
As lip to lip we press.

## THE MESSAGE

Do you not feel the white glow in your breast,  
my bird ?

That is the flame of love I send to you from  
afar :

Not a wafted kiss, hardly a whispered word,  
But love itself that flies as a white-winged  
star.

Let it dwell there, let it rest there, at home  
in your heart :

Wafted on winds of gold, it is Love itself,  
the Dove.

Not the god whose arrows wounded with  
bitter smart,

Nor the purple-fiery birds of death and love.

Do not ask for the hands of love or love's  
soft eyes :

They give less than love who give all,  
giving what wanes.

I give you the star-fire, the heart-way to  
Paradise,

With no death after, no arrow with sting-  
ing pains.



## THE SINGING SILENCES

WHILE the yellow constellations shine with  
pale and tender glory,  
In the lilac-scented stillness let us listen to  
earth's story.  
All the flowers like moths a-flutter glimmer  
rich with dusky hues ;  
Everywhere around us seem to fall from  
nowhere the sweet dew.  
Through the drowsy lull, the murmur, stir of  
leaf and sleepy hum,  
We can feel a gay heart beating, hear a magic  
singing come.  
Ah, I think that as we linger lighting at  
earth's olden fire  
Fitful gleams in clay that perish, little sparks  
that soon expire :  
So the Mother brims her gladness from a life  
beyond her own,  
From whose darkness as a fountain up the  
fiery days are thrown ;  
Starry words that wheel in splendour, sunny  
systems, histories,

102 THE SINGING SILENCES

Vast and nebulous traditions told in the  
eternities.

And our listening Mother whispers through  
her children all the story.

Come: the yellow constellations shine with  
pale and tender glory!

## AFFINITY

You and I have found the secret way,  
None can bar our love or say us nay :  
All the world may stare and never know  
You and I are twined together so.

You and I for all his vaunted width  
Know the giant Space is but a myth ;  
Over miles and miles of pure deceit  
You and I have found our lips can meet.

You and I have laughed the leagues apart  
In the soft delight of heart to heart.  
If there's a gulf to meet or limit set,  
You and I have never found it yet.

You and I have trod the backward way  
To the happy heart of yesterday,  
To the love we felt in ages past.  
You and I have found it still to last.

You and I have found the joy had birth  
In the angel childhood of the earth,  
Hid within the heart of man and maid.  
You and I of Time are not afraid.

You and I can mock his fabled wing,  
For a kiss is an immortal thing.  
And the throb wherein those old lips met  
Is a living music in us yet.

## A CALL

Dusk its ash-grey blossoms sheds on violet  
skies,

Over twilight mountains where the heart  
songs rise,

Rise and fall and fade away from earth to air.  
Earth renews the music sweeter. Oh, come  
there.

Come, acushla, come, as in ancient times  
Rings aloud the underland with faery chimes.  
Down the unseen ways as strays each tinkling  
fleece

Winding ever onward to a fold of peace,  
So my dreams go straying in a land more  
fair ;

Half I tread the dew-wet grasses, half wander  
there.

Fade your glimmering eyes in a world grown  
cold ;

Come, acushla, with me to the mountains old.  
There the bright ones call us waving to and  
fro—

Come, my children, with me to the ancient go.

## CARROWMORE

It's a lonely road through bogland to the  
lake at Carrowmore,  
And a sleeper there lies dreaming where the  
water laps the shore ;  
Though the moth-wings of the twilight in  
their purples are unfurled,  
Yet his sleep is filled with music by the  
masters of the world.

There's a hand is white as silver that is  
fondling with his hair :  
There are glimmering feet of sunshine that  
are dancing by him there :  
And half-open lips of faery that were dyed a  
faery red  
In their revels where the Hazel Tree its holy  
clusters shed.

"Come away," the red lips whisper, "all the  
world is weary now ;  
'Tis the twilight of the ages and it's time to  
quit the plough.

Oh, the very sunlight's weary ere it lightens  
up the dew,  
And its gold is changed and faded before it  
falls to you.

"Though your colleen's heart be tender, a  
tenderer heart is near.  
What's the starlight in her glances when the  
stars are shining clear?  
Who would kiss the fading shadow when the  
flower-face glows above?  
'Tis the beauty of all Beauty that is calling  
for your love."

Oh, the great gates of the mountain have  
opened once again,  
And the sound of song and dancing falls  
upon the ears of men,  
And the Land of Youth lies gleaming, flushed  
with rainbow light and mirth,  
And the old enchantment lingers in the  
honey-heart of earth.

## THE DREAM OF THE CHILDREN

THE children awoke in their dreaming  
While earth lay dewy and still:  
They followed the rill in its gleaming  
To the heart-light of the hill.

Its sounds and sights were forsaking  
The world as they faded in sleep,  
When they heard a music breaking  
Out from the heart-light deep.

It ran where the rill in its flowing  
Under the star-light gay,  
With wonderful colour was glowing  
Like the bubbles they blew in their play.

From the misty mountain under  
Shot gleams of an opal star ;  
Its pathways of rainbow wonder  
Rayed to their feet from afar.

From their feet as they strayed in the meadow  
It led through caverned aisles,  
Filled with purple and green light and shadow  
For mystic miles on miles.



The children were glad : it was lonely  
To play on the hillside by day.  
“But now,” they said, “we have only  
To go where the good people stray.”

For all the hillside was haunted  
By the faery folk come again ;  
And down in the heart-light enchanted  
Were opal-coloured men.

They moved like kings unattended  
Without a squire or dame,  
But they wore tiaras splendid  
With feathers of starlight flame.

They laughed at the children over  
And called them into the heart.  
“Come down here, each sleepless rover ;  
We will show you some of our art.”

And down through the cool of the mountain  
The children sank at the call,  
And stood in a blazing fountain  
And never a mountain at all.

The lights were coming and going  
In many a shining strand,  
For the opal fire-kings were blowing  
The darkness out of the land.

## 110 DREAM OF THE CHILDREN

This golden breath was a madness  
To set a poet on fire ;  
And this was a cure for sadness,  
And that the ease of desire.

They said as dawn glimmered hoary,  
“ We will show yourselves for an hour.”  
And the children were changed to a glory  
By the beautiful magic of power.

The fire-kings smiled on their faces  
And called them by olden names,  
Till they towered like the starry races  
All plumed with the twilight flames.

They talked for a while together  
How the toil of ages oppressed,  
And of how they best could weather  
The ship of the world to its rest.

The dawn in the room was straying :  
The children began to blink,  
When they heard a far voice saying  
“ You can grow like that if you think.”

The sun came in yellow and gay light :  
They tumbled out of the cot :  
And half of the dream went with daylight  
And half was never forgot.

## INSPIRATION

LIGHTEST of dancers, with no thought  
Thy glimmering feet beat on my heart,  
Gayest of singers, with no care  
Waking to beauty the still air,  
More than the labours of our art,  
More than our wisdom can impart,  
Thine idle ecstasy hath taught.

Lost long in solemn ponderings,  
With the blind shepherd mind for guide,  
The uncreated joy in you  
Hath lifted up my heart unto  
The morning stars in their first pride,  
And the angelic joys that glide  
High upon heaven-uplifted wings.

## A MEMORY

You remember, dear, together  
Two children, you and I,  
Sat once in the autumn weather,  
Watching the autumn sky.

There was some one round us straying  
The whole of the long day through,  
Who seemed to say, "I am playing  
At hide and seek with you."

And one thing after another  
Was whispered out of the air,  
How God was a big, kind brother  
Whose home is in everywhere.

His light like a smile comes glancing  
Through the cool, cool winds as they pass  
From the flowers in heaven dancing  
To the stars that shine in the grass.

From the clouds in deep blue wreathing  
And most from the mountains tall,  
But God like a wind goes breathing  
A dream of Himself in all.

The heart of the Wise was beating  
Sweet, sweet, in our hearts that day :  
And many a thought came fleeting  
And fancies solemn and gay.

We were grave in our way divining  
How childhood was taking wings,  
And the wonder world was shining  
With vast eternal things.

The solemn twilight fluttered  
Like the plumes of seraphim,  
And we felt what things were uttered  
In the sunset voice of Him.

We lingered long, for dearer  
Than home were the mountain places  
Where God from the stars dropt nearer  
Our pale, dreamy faces.

Our very hearts from beating  
We stilled in awed delight,  
For spirit and children were meeting  
In the purple, ample night.

## A SUMMER NIGHT

HER mist of primroses within her breast  
Twilight hath folded up, and o'er the west,  
Seeking remoter valleys long hath gone,  
Not yet hath come her sister of the dawn.  
Silence and coolness now the earth enfold,  
Jewels of glittering green, long mists of gold,  
Hazes of nebulous silver veil the height,  
And shake in tremors through the shadowy  
night.

Heard through the stillness, as in whispered  
words,

The wandering God-guided wings of birds  
Ruffle the dark. The little lives that lie  
Deep hid in grass join in a long-drawn sigh  
More softly still ; and unheard through the  
blue

The falling of innumerable dew,  
Lifts with grey fingers all the leaves that lay  
Burned in the heat of the consuming day.  
The lawns and lakes lie in this night of love,  
Admitted to the majesty above.  
Earth with the starry company hath part ;  
The waters hold all heaven within their heart,

And glimmer o'er with wave-lips everywhere  
Lifted to meet the angel lips of air.  
The many homes of men shine near and far,  
Peace-laden as the tender evening star,  
The late home-coming folk anticipate  
Their rest beyond the passing of the gate,  
And tread with sleep-filled hearts and drowsy  
feet.

Oh, far away and wonderful and sweet  
All this, all this. But far too many things  
Obscuring, as a cloud of seraph wings  
Blinding the seeker for the Lord behind,  
I fall away in weariness of mind.  
And think how far apart are I and you,  
Beloved, from those spirit children who  
Felt but one single Being long ago,  
Whispering in gentleness and leaning low  
Out of its majesty, as child to child.  
I think upon it all with heart grown wild.  
Hearing no voice, howe'er my spirit broods,  
No whisper from the dense infinitudes,  
This world of myriad things whose distance  
awes.

Ah me ; how innocent our childhood was !

## THE WEAVER OF SOULS

WHO is this unseen messenger  
For ever between me and her,  
Who brings love's precious merchandise,  
The golden breath, the dew of sighs,  
And the wild, gentle thoughts that dwell  
Too fragile for the lips to tell,  
Each at their birth, to us before  
A heaving of the heart is o'er?  
Who art thou, unseen messenger?

I think, O Angel of the Lord,  
You make our hearts to so accord  
That those who hear in after hours  
May sigh for love as deep as ours;  
And seek the magic that can give  
An Eden where the soul may live,  
Nor need to walk a road of clay  
With stumbling feet, nor fall away  
From thee, O Angel of the Lord.



## THE SILENCE OF LOVE

I COULD praise you once with beautiful words  
ere you came  
And entered my life with love in a wind of  
flame.  
I could lure with a song from afar my bird  
to its nest,  
But with pinions drooping together silence  
is best.

In the land of beautiful silence the winds are  
laid,  
And life grows quietly one in the cloudy  
shade.  
I will not waken the passion that sleeps in  
the heart,  
For the winds that blew us together may  
blow us apart.

Fear not the stillness ; for doubt and despair  
shall cease  
With the gentle voices guiding us into  
peace.

118 THE SILENCE OF LOVE

Our dreams will change as they pass through  
the gates of gold,  
And Quiet, the tender shepherd, shall keep  
the fold.

## CREATION

As one by one the veils took flight,  
The day withdrew, the stars came up.  
The spirit issued pale and bright  
Filling thy beauty like a cup.

Sacred thy laughter on the air,  
Holy thy lightest word that fell,  
Proud the innumerable hair  
That waved at the enchanter's spell.

O, Master of the Beautiful,  
Creating us from hour to hour,  
Give me this vision to the full  
To see in lightest things thy power.

This vision give, no heaven afar,  
No throne, and yet I will rejoice  
Knowing beneath my feet a star  
Thy word in every wandering voice.

## THE WINDS OF ANGUS

THE grey road whereupon we trod became  
as holy ground :  
The eve was all one voice that breathed its  
message with no sound :  
And burning multitudes pour through my  
heart, too bright, too blind,  
Too swift and hurried in their flight to leave  
their tale behind.  
Twin gates unto that living world, dark  
honey-coloured eyes,  
The lifting of whose lashes flushed the face  
with Paradise,  
Beloved, there I saw within their ardent rays  
unfold  
The likeness of enraptured birds that flew  
from deeps of gold  
To deeps of gold within my breast to rest,  
or there to be  
Transfigured in the light, or find a death to  
life in me.  
So love, a burning multitude, a seraph wind  
that blows

From out the deep of being to the deep of  
being goes.

And sun and moon and starry fires and earth  
and air and sea

Are creatures from the deep let loose, who  
pause in ecstasy,

Or wing their wild and heavenly way until  
again they find

The ancient deep, and fade therein, en-  
raptured, bright, and blind.

## APHRODITE

Nor unremembering we pass our exile from  
the starry ways :

One timeless hour in time we caught from the  
long night of endless days.

With solemn gaiety the stars danced far with-  
drawn on elfin heights :

The lilac breathed amid the shade of green  
and blue and citron lights.

But yet the close enfolding night seemed on  
the phantom verge of things,

For our adoring hearts had turned within  
from all their wanderings :

For beauty called to beauty, and there  
thronged at the enchanter's will

The vanished hours of love that burn within  
the Ever-living still.

And sweet eternal faces put the shadows of  
the earth to rout,

And faint and fragile as a moth your white  
hand fluttered and went out.

Oh, who am I who tower beside this goddess  
of the twilight air ?

The burning doves fly from my heart, and  
melt within her bosom there.

I know the sacrifice of old they offered to the  
mighty queen,

And this adoring love has brought us back the  
beauty that has been.

As to her worshippers she came descending  
from her glowing skies,

So Aphrodite I have seen with shining eyes  
look through your eyes :

One gleam of the ancestral face which lighted  
up the dawn for me :

One fiery visitation of the love the gods desire  
in thee !

## THE MEMORY OF EARTH

IN the wet dusk silver sweet,  
Down the violet scented ways,  
As I moved with quiet feet  
I was met by mighty days.

On the hedge the hanging dew  
Glassed the eve and stars and skies ;  
While I gazed a madness grew  
Into thundered battle cries.

Where the hawthorn glimmered white,  
Flashed the spear and fell the stroke—  
Ah, what faces pale and bright  
Where the dazzling battle broke !

There a hero-hearted queen  
With young beauty lit the van :  
Gone ! the darkness flowed between  
All the ancient wars of man.

While I paced the valley's gloom  
Where the rabbits pattered near,  
Shone a temple and a tomb  
With the legend carven clear :



*"Time put by a myriad fates  
That her day might dawn in glory ;  
Death made wide a million gates  
So to close her tragic story."*

## THE VEILS OF MAYA

MOTHER, with whom our lives should be,  
Not hatred keeps our lives apart :  
Charmed by some lesser glow in thee,  
Our hearts beat not within thy heart.

Beauty, the face, the touch, the eyes,  
Prophets of thee, allure our sight  
From that unfathomed deep where lies  
Thine ancient loveliness and light.

Self-found at last, the joy that springs  
Being thyself, shall once again  
Start thee upon the whirling rings  
And through the pilgrimage of pain.

## IN THE WOMB

STILL rests the heavy share on the dark soil :  
Upon the black mould thick the dew-damp  
lies :

The horse waits patient : from his lowly toil  
The ploughboy to the morning lifts his eyes.

The unbudding hedgerows dark against day's  
fires

Glitter with gold-lit crystals : on the rim  
Over the unregarding city's spires  
The lonely beauty shines alone for him.

And day by day the dawn or dark enfolds  
And feeds with beauty eyes that cannot see  
How in her womb the mighty mother moulds  
The infant spirit for eternity.

## SUNG ON A BY-WAY

WHAT of all the will to do?  
It has vanished long ago,  
For a dream-shaft pierced it through  
From the Unknown Archer's bow.

What of all the soul to think?  
Some one offered it a cup  
Filled with a diviner drink,  
And the flame has burned it up.

What of all the hope to climb?  
Only in the self we grope  
To the misty end of time:  
Truth has put an end to hope.

What of all the heart to love?  
Sadder than for will or soul,  
No light lured it on above;  
Love has found itself the whole.

## JANUS

IMAGE of beauty, when I gaze on thee,  
Trembling I waken to a mystery,  
How through one door we go to life or death  
By spirit kindled or the sensual breath.

Image of beauty, when my way I go ;  
No single joy or sorrow do I know :  
Elate for freedom leaps the starry power,  
The life which passes mourns its wasted hour.

And, ah, to think how thin the veil that lies  
Between the pain of hell and paradise !  
Where the cool grass my aching head  
    embowers  
God sings the lovely carol of the flowers.

## THE GREY EROS

WE are desert leagues apart ;  
Time is misty ages now  
Since the warmth of heart to heart  
Chased the shadows from my brow.

Oh, I am so old, meseems  
I am next of kin to Time,  
The historian of her dreams  
From the long-forgotten prime.

You have come a path of flowers.  
What a way was mine to roam !  
Many a fallen empire's towers,  
Many a ruined heart my home.

No, there is no comfort, none.  
All the dewy tender breath  
Idly falls when life is done  
On the starless brow of death.

Though the dream of love may tire,  
In the ages long ago  
There were ruby hearts of fire—  
Ah, the daughters of the dawn !

Though I am so feeble now,  
I remember when our pride  
Could not to the Mighty bow ;  
We would sweep His stars aside.

Mix thy youth with thoughts like those—  
It were but to wither thee,  
But to graft the youthful rose  
On the old and flowerless tree.

Age is no more near than youth  
To the sceptre and the crown.  
Vain the wisdom, vain the truth ;  
Do not lay thy rapture down.

## DUALITY

From me spring good and evil.

WHO gave thee such a ruby flaming heart  
And such a pure cold spirit? Side by side  
I know these must eternally abide  
In intimate war, and each to each impart  
Life from its pain, in every joy a dart  
To wound with grief or death the self allied.  
Red life within the spirit crucified,  
The eyes eternal pity thee : thou art  
Fated with deathless powers at war to be,  
Not less the martyr of the world than he  
Whose thorn-crowned brow usurps the due  
    of tears  
We would pay to thee, ever ruddy life,  
Whose passionate peace is still to be at strife,  
O'erthrown but in the unconflicting spheres.



## TRUTH

THE hero first thought it  
To him 'twas a deed :  
To those who retaught it,  
A chain on their speed.

The fire that we kindled,  
A beacon by night,  
When darkness has dwindled  
Grows pale in the light.

For life has no glory  
Stays long in one dwelling,  
And time has no story  
That's true twice in telling.

And only the teaching  
That never was spoken  
Is worthy thy reaching,  
The fountain unbroken.

## FANTASY

OVER all the dream-built margin, flushed with  
grey and hoary light,  
Glint the bubble planets tossing in the dead  
black sea of night.  
Immemorial face, how many faces look from  
out thy skies,  
Now with ghostly eyes of wonder rimmed  
around with rainbow dyes :  
Now the secrets of the future trail along the  
silent spheres :  
Ah, how often have I followed filled with  
phantom hopes and fears,  
Where my star that rose dream-laden, moving  
to the mystic crown,  
On the yellow moon-rock foundered and my  
joy and dreams went down.  
As a child with hands uplifted peering  
through the cloudless miles  
Bent the Mighty Mother o'er me shining all  
with eyes and smiles :  
" Come up hither, child, my darling " : waving  
to the habitations,

Thrones, and starry kings around her, dark  
embattled planet nations.

There the mighty rose in greeting, as their  
child from exile turning

Smiled upon the awful faces o'er the throne  
supernal burning.

As with sudden sweetness melting, shone the  
eyes, the hearts of home,

Changed the vision, and the Mother vanished  
in the vasty dome.

So from marvel unto marvel turned the face  
I gazed upon,

Till its fading majesty grew tender as a child  
at dawn,

And the heaven of heavens departed and the  
visions passed away

With the seraph of the darkness martyred in  
the fires of day.

## THE MOUNTAINEER

Oh, at the eagle's height  
To lie i' the sweet of the sun,  
While veil after veil takes flight  
And God and the world are one.

Oh, the night on the steep!  
All that his eyes saw dim  
Grows light in the dusky deep,  
And God is alone with him.

## THE GOLDEN AGE

WHEN the morning breaks above us  
And the wild sweet stars have fled,  
By the faery hands that love us  
Wakened you and I will tread

Where the lilacs on the lawn  
Shine with all their silver dews,  
In the stillness of a dawn  
Wrapped in tender primrose hues.

We will hear the strange old song  
That the earth croons in her breast,  
Echoed by the feathered throng  
Joyous from each leafy nest.

Earth, whose dreams are we and they,  
With her heart's deep gladness fills  
All our human lips can say,  
Or the dawn-fired singer trills.

She is rapt in dreams divine :  
As her clouds of beauty pass,  
On our glowing hearts they shine,  
Mirrored there as in a glass.

So when all the vapours grey  
From our flowery paths shall flit,  
And the dawn begin the day,  
We will sing that song to it

Ere its yellow fervour flies.—  
Oh, we are so glad of youth,  
Whose first sweetness never dies  
Nourished by eternal truth.

## THE MASTER SINGER

A LAUGHTER in the diamond air, a music in  
the trembling grass ;  
And one by one the words of light as joydrops  
through my being pass :  
“I am the sunlight in the heart, the silver  
moon-glow in the mind ;  
My laughter runs and ripples through the  
wavy tresses of the wind.  
I am the fire upon the hills, the dancing  
flame that leads afar  
Each burning-hearted wanderer, and I the  
dear and homeward star.  
A myriad lovers died for me, and in their  
latest yielded breath  
I woke in glory giving them immortal life  
though touched by death.  
They knew me from the dawn of time : if  
Hermes beats his rainbow wings,  
If Angus shakes his locks of light, or golden-  
haired Apollo sings,  
It matters not the name, the land : my joy  
in all the gods abides :

Even in the cricket in the grass some dimness  
of me smiles and hides.  
For joy of me the daystar glows, and in  
delight and wild desire  
The peacock twilight rays aloft its plumes  
and blooms of shadowy fire,  
Where in the vastness too I burn through  
summer nights and ages long,  
And with the fiery-footed watchers shake in  
myriad dance and song."



## THE SONG OF THE SAILOR

I am a sailor, and I love the sea,  
 I love the wind and the waves and the sun,  
 I love the salt and the spray and the foam,  
 I love the life and the death and the dream,  
 I love the joy and the sorrow and the pain,  
 I love the love and the hate and the gain.

I am a sailor, and I love the sea,  
 I love the wind and the waves and the sun,  
 I love the salt and the spray and the foam,  
 I love the life and the death and the dream,  
 I love the joy and the sorrow and the pain,  
 I love the love and the hate and the gain.

I am a sailor, and I love the sea,  
 I love the wind and the waves and the sun,  
 I love the salt and the spray and the foam,  
 I love the life and the death and the dream,  
 I love the joy and the sorrow and the pain,  
 I love the love and the hate and the gain.

I am a sailor, and I love the sea,  
 I love the wind and the waves and the sun,  
 I love the salt and the spray and the foam,  
 I love the life and the death and the dream,

The old descents of God on earth  
Have dowered thee with celestial lore :  
So, wise, and filled with sad and gay  
You pass unto the further day.

## IN AS MUCH . . .

WHEN for love it was fain of  
The wild heart was chidden,  
When the white limbs were clothed  
And the beauty was hidden ;

For the scorn that was done to  
The least of her graces,  
The Mother veiled over  
And hid from our faces

The high soul of nature,  
The deep and the wonder,  
Her towers up in heaven,  
And the fairyland under.

The Mother then whispered,  
“The wrong done by thee  
To the least limb of beauty  
Was done unto me.”

## THE SEER

OH, if my spirit may foretell  
Or earlier impart,  
It is because I always dwell  
With morning in my heart.

I feel the keen embrace of light  
Ere dawning on the view  
It sprays the chilly fold of night  
With iridescent dew.

The robe of dust around it cast  
Hides not the earth below,  
Its heart of ruby flame, the vast  
Mysterious gloom and glow.

Something beneath yon coward gaze  
Betrays the royal line ;  
Its lust and hate, but errant rays,  
Are at their root divine.

I hail the light of elder years  
Behind the niggard mould,  
The fiery kings, the seraph seers,  
As in the age of gold.

And all about and through the gloom  
Breaths from the golden clime  
Are wafted like a sweet perfume  
From some most ancient time.

## A NEW BEING

I KNOW myself no more, my child,  
Since thou art come to me,  
Pity so tender and so wild  
Hath wrapped my thoughts of thee.

These thoughts, a fiery gentle rain,  
Are from the Mother shed,  
Where many a broken heart hath lain  
And many a weeping head.

## LIGHT AND DARK

Nor the soul that's whitest  
Wakens love the sweetest :  
When the heart is lightest  
Oft the charm is fleetest.

While the snow-frail maiden,  
Waits the time of learning,  
To the passion laden  
Turn with eager yearning.

While the heart is burning  
Heaven with earth is banded :  
To the stars returning  
Go not empty-handed.

Ah, the snow-frail maiden !  
Somehow truth has missed her,  
Left the heart unladen  
For its burdened sister.

## RECALL

WHAT call may draw thee back again,  
Lost dove, what art, what charm may  
please?

The tender touch, the kiss, are vain,  
For thou wert lured away by these.

Oh, must we use the iron hand,  
And mask with hate the holy breath,  
With alien voice give love's command,  
As they through love the call of death?



## A LEADER

THOUGH your eyes with tears were blind,  
Pain upon the path you trod :  
Well we knew, the hosts behind,  
Voice and shining of a god.

For your darkness was our day :  
Signal fires, your pains untold  
Lit us on our wandering way  
To the mystic heart of gold.

Naught we knew of the high land,  
Beauty burning in its spheres ;  
Sorrow we could understand  
And the mystery told in tears.

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## THE LAST HERO

WE laid him to rest with tenderness ;  
Homeward we turned in the twilight's gold ;  
We thought in ourselves with dumb  
distress—  
All the story of earth is told.

A beautiful word at the last was said :  
A great deep heart like the hearts of old  
Went forth ; and the speaker had lost the  
thread,  
Or all the story of earth was told.

The dust hung over the pale dry ways  
Dizzily fired with the twilight's gold,  
And a bitter remembrance blew in each face  
How all the story of earth was told.

## THE PAIN OF EARTH

Does the earth grow grey with grief  
For her hero darling fled ?  
Though her vales let fall no leaf,  
In our hearts her tears are shed.

Still the stars laugh on above :  
Not to them her grief is said ;  
Mourning for her hero love  
In our hearts the tears are shed.

We her children mourn for him,  
Mourn the elder hero dead ;  
In the twilight grey and dim  
In our hearts the tears are shed.

## UNCONSCIOUS

THE winds, the stars, and the skies though  
wrought  
By the heavenly King yet know it not ;  
And man who moves in the twilight dim  
Feels not the love that encircles him,  
Though in heart, on bosom, and eyelids press  
Lips of an infinite tenderness,  
He turns away through the dark to roam  
Nor heeds the fire in his hearth and home.

## LOVE

ERE I lose myself in the vastness and drowse  
myself with the peace,  
While I gaze on the light and the beauty  
afar from the dim homes of men,  
May I still feel the heart-pang and pity, love-  
ties that I would not release ;  
May the voices of sorrow appealing call me  
back to their succour again.

Ere I storm with the tempest of power the  
thrones and dominions of old,  
Ere the ancient enchantment allure me to  
roam through the star-misty skies,  
I would go forth as one who has reaped well  
what harvest the earth may unfold ;  
May my heart be c'erbrimmed with com-  
passion ; on my brow be the crown of  
the wise.

I would go as the dove from the ark sent  
forth with wishes and prayers  
To return with the paradise blossoms that  
bloom in the Eden of light :

When the deep star-chant of the seraphs I  
    hear in the mystical airs,  
May I capture one tone of their joy for the  
    sad ones discrowned in the night.

Not alone, not alone would I go to my rest  
    in the heart of the love :  
Were I tranced in the innermost beauty, the  
    flame of its tenderest breath,  
I would still hear the cry of the fallen  
    recalling me back from above,  
To go down to the side of the people who  
    weep in the shadow of death.

## OM

### A MEMORY

FAINT grew the yellow buds of light  
Far flickering beyond the snows,  
As leaning o'er the shadowy white  
Morn glimmered like a pale primrose.

Within an Indian vale below  
A child said "om" with tender heart,  
Watching with loving eyes the glow  
In dayshine fade and night depart.

The word which Brahma at his dawn  
Outbreathes and endeth at his night,  
Whose tide of sound so rolling on  
Gives birth to orbs of pearly light ;

And beauty, wisdom, love, and youth,  
By its enchantment gathered grow  
In agelong wandering to the truth,  
Through many a cycle's ebb and flow.

And here the voice of earth was stilled,  
The child was lifted to the Wise :  
A strange delight his spirit filled,  
And Brahm looked from his shining eyes.



## INDIAN SONG

SHADOWY-PETALLED, like the lotus, loom the  
mountains with their snows :  
Through the sapphire Soma rising such a  
flood of glory throws  
As when first in yellow splendour Brahma  
from the Lotus rose.

High above the darkening mounds where  
fade the fairy lights of day,  
All the tiny planet folk are waving us from  
far away ;  
Thrilled by Brahma's breath they sparkle with  
the magic of the gay.

Brahma, all alone in gladness, dreams the joys  
that throng in space,  
Shepherds all the whirling splendours onward  
to their resting place,  
Where in worlds of lovely silence fade in one  
the starry race.

## THE NUTS OF KNOWLEDGE

A CABIN on the mountain side hid in a grassy  
nook  
Where door and windows open wide that  
friendly stars may look.  
The rabbit shy can patter in, the winds may  
enter free,  
Who throng around the mountain throne in  
living ecstasy.

And when the sun sets dimmed in eve and  
purple fills the air,  
I think the sacred Hazel Tree is dropping  
berries there  
From starry fruitage waved aloft where  
Connla's Well o'erflows ;  
For sure the enchanted waters run through  
every wind that blows.

I think when night towers up aloft and shakes  
the trembling dew,  
How every high and lonely thought that  
thrills my being through

THE NUTS OF KNOWLEDGE 159

Is but a ruddy berry dropped down through  
the purple air,  
And from the magic tree of life the fruit falls  
everywhere.

## CHILDREN OF LIR

WE woke from our sleep in the bosom where  
    cradled together we lay :  
The love of the dark hidden Father went with  
    us upon our way.  
And gay was the breath in our being, and  
    never a sorrow or fear  
Was on us as, singing together, we flew from  
    the infinite Lir.

Through nights lit with diamond and sapphire  
    we raced with the children of dawn,  
A chain that was silver and golden linked  
    spirit to spirit, my swan,  
Till day in the heavens passed over, and still  
    grew the beat of our wings,  
And the breath of the darkness enfolded to  
    teach us unspeakable things.

Yet lower we fell and for comfort our pinion-  
    less spirits had now  
The leaning of bosom to bosom, the lifting of  
    lip unto brow.

Though chained to the earth yet we mourned  
not the loss of our heaven above,  
But passed from the vision of beauty to the  
fathomless being of love.

Still gay is the breath in our being, we wait  
for the bell branch to ring  
To call us away to the Father, and then we  
will rise on the wing,  
And fly through the twilights of time till the  
home lights of heaven appear ;  
Our spirits through love and through long-  
ing made one in the infinite Lir.

## PRAYER

LET us leave our island woods grown dim  
and blue ;

O'er the waters creeping the pearl dust of  
the eve

Hides the silver of the long wave rippling  
through :

The chill for the warm room let us leave.

Turn the lamp down low and draw the cur-  
tain wide,

So the greyness of the starlight bathes the  
room ;

Let us see the giant face of night outside,

Though vague as a moth's wing is the  
gloom.

Rumour of the fierce-pulsed city far away  
Breaks upon the peace that aureoles our rest,  
Steeped in stillness as if some primeval day  
Hung drowsily o'er the water's breast.

Shut the eyes that flame and hush the heart  
that burns :

In quiet we may hear the old primeval cry :  
God gives wisdom to the spirit that upturns :  
Let us adore now, you and I.

Age on age is heaped about us as we hear :  
Cycles hurry to and fro with giant tread  
From the deep unto the deep : but do not  
fear,  
For the soul unhearing them is dead.

## BENEDICTION

Now the roof-tree of the midnight spreading,  
    Buds in citron, green, and blue :  
From afar its mystic odours shedding,  
    Child, on you.

Now the buried stars beneath the mountain  
    And the vales their life renew,  
Jetting rainbow blooms from tiny fountains,  
    Child, for you.

In the diamond air the sun-star glowing,  
    Up its feathered radiance threw ;  
All the jewel glory there was flowing,  
    Child, for you.

As within the quiet waters passing,  
    Sun and moon and stars we view,  
So the loveliness of life is glassing,  
    Child, in you.

And the fire divine in all things burning  
    Seeks the mystic heart anew,  
From its wanderings far again returning,  
    Child, to you.



## THE MID-WORLD

THIS is the red, red region  
Your heart must journey through :  
Your pains will here be legion  
And joy be death for you.

Rejoice to-day : to-morrow  
A turning tide shall flow  
Through infinite tones of sorrow  
To reach an equal woe.

You pass by love unheeding  
To gain the goal you long—  
But my heart, my heart is bleeding :  
I cannot sing this song.

## REMEMBRANCE

THERE were many burning hours on the  
    heartsweet tide,  
    And we passed away from ourselves, for-  
    getting all  
The immortal moods that faded, the god who  
    died,  
    Hastening away to the King on a distant  
    call.

There were ruby dewdrops shed when the  
    heart was riven,  
    And passionate pleading and prayers to the  
    dead we had wronged ;  
And we passed away, unremembering and un-  
    forgiven,  
    Hastening away to the King for the peace  
    we longed.

Love unremembered and heart-ache we left  
    behind,  
    We forsook them, unheeding, hastening  
    away in our flight ;

We knew the hearts we had wronged of old  
we would find

When we came to the fold of the King for  
rest in the night.

## THE VISION OF LOVE

THE twilight fled away in pearl on the stream,  
And night, like a diamond dome, stood still  
in our dream.

Your eyes like burnished stones or as stars  
were bright

With the sudden vision that made us one  
with the night.

We loved in infinite spaces, forgetting here  
The breasts that were lit with life and the  
lips so near ;

Till the wizard willows waved in the wind  
and drew

Me away from the fulness of love and down  
to you.

Our love was so vast that it filled the heavens  
up :

But the soft white form I held was an empty  
cup,

When the willows called me back to earth  
with their sigh,

And we moved as shades through the deep  
that was you and I.

## THE CHRIST-SWORD

THE while my mad brain whirled around  
She only looked with eyes elate  
Immortal love at me. I found  
How deep the glance of love can wound,  
How cruel pity is to hate.

I was begirt with hostile spears :  
My angel warred in me for you  
Whose gentle calmness all too fierce  
Made unseen lightnings to pierce  
My heart that dripped with ruddy dew.

I know how on the final day  
The hosts of darkness meet with death :  
The angels with their love shall slay,  
Flowing to meet the dark array  
With terrible yet tender breath.

## BLINDNESS

OUR true hearts are forever lonely :  
A wistfulness is in our thought :  
Our lights are like the dawns which only  
Seem bright to us and yet are not.

Something you see in me I wis not :  
Another heart in you I guess :  
A stranger's lips—but thine I kiss not,  
Erring in all my tenderness.

I sometimes think a mighty lover  
Takes every burning kiss we give :  
His lights are those which round us hover :  
For him alone our lives we live.

Ah, sigh for us whose hearts unseeing  
Point all their passionate love in vain,  
And blinded in the joy of being,  
Meet only when pain touches pain.

## WHOM WE WORSHIP

I would not have the love of lips and eyes,  
The ancient ways of love :  
But in my heart I built a Paradise,  
A nest there for the dove.

I felt the wings of light that fluttered through  
The gate I held apart :  
And all without was shadow, but I knew  
The bird within my heart.

Then, while the innermost with music beat,  
The voice I loved so long  
Seemed only the dream echo faint and sweet  
Of a far sweeter song.

I could not even bear the thought I felt  
Of Thee and Me therein ;  
And with white heat I strove the veil to melt  
That love to love might win.

But ah, my dreams within their fountain fell ;  
Not to be lost in thee,  
But with the high ancestral love to dwell  
In its lone ecstasy.

## REFLECTIONS

How shallow is this mere that gleams!  
Its depth of blue is from the skies,  
And from a distant sun the dreams  
And lovely light within your eyes.

We deem our love so infinite  
Because the Lord is everywhere,  
And love awakening is made bright  
And bathed in that diviner air.

We go on our enchanted way  
And deem our hours immortal hours,  
Who are but shadow kings that play  
With mirrored majesties and powers.



## THE MORNING STAR

IN the black pool of the midnight Lu has  
slung the morning star,  
And its foam in rippling silver whitens into  
day afar  
Falling on the mountain rampart piled with  
pearl above our glen,  
Only you and I, beloved, moving in the fields  
of men.

In the dark tarn of my spirit, love, the  
morning star, is lit ;  
And its halo, ever brightening, lightens into  
dawn in it.  
Love, a pearl-grey dawn in darkness, breath-  
ing peace without desire ;  
But I fain would shun the burning terrors of  
the mid-day fire.

Through the faint and tender airs of twilight  
star on star may gaze,  
But the eyes of light are blinded in the white  
flame of the days,

From the heat that melts together oft a rarer  
essence slips,  
And our hearts may still be parted in the  
meeting of the lips.

What a darkness would I gaze on when the  
day had passed the west,  
If my eyes were dazed and blinded by the  
whiteness of a breast?  
Never through the diamond darkness could I  
hope to see afar  
Where beyond the pearly rampart burned  
the purer evening star.

## ILLUSION

WHAT is the love of shadowy lips  
That know not what they seek or press,  
From whom the lure for ever slips  
And fails their phantom tenderness?

The mystery and light of eyes  
That near to mine grow dim and cold ;  
They move afar in ancient skies  
Mid flame and mystic darkness rolled.

O beauty, as thy heart o'erflows  
In tender yielding unto me,  
A vast desire awakes and grows  
Unto forgetfulness of thee.

## THE DREAM

I WOKE to find my pillow wet  
With tears for deeds deep hid in sleep.  
I knew no sorrow here, but yet  
The tears fell softly through the deep.

Your eyes, your other eyes of dream,  
Looked at me through the veil of blank ;  
I saw their joyous, starlit gleam  
Like one who watches rank on rank.

His victor airy legions wind  
And pass before his awful throne—  
Was there thy loving heart unkind,  
Was I thy captive all o'erthrown?

## MISTRUST

You look at me with wan, bright eyes  
When in the deeper world I stray :  
You fear some hidden ambush lies  
In wait to call me, "Come away."

What if I see behind the veil  
Your starry self beseeching me,  
Or at its stern command grow pale,  
"Let her be free, let her be free" ?

## ALIEN

DARK glowed the vales of amethyst  
Beneath an opal shroud :  
The moon bud opened through the mist  
Its white-fire leaves of cloud.

Though rapt at gaze with eyes of light  
Looked forth the seraph seers,  
The vast and wandering dream of night  
Rolled on above our tears.

## THE TIDE OF SORROW

ON the twilight-burnished hills I lie and long  
and gaze  
Where below the grey-lipped sands drink in  
the flowing tides,  
Drink, and fade and disappear : interpreting  
their ways  
A seer in my heart abides.

Once the diamond dancing day-waves laved  
thy thirsty lips :  
Now they drink the dusky night-tide running  
cold and fleet,  
Drink, and as the chilly brilliance o'er their  
pallor slips  
They fade in the touch they meet.

Wave on wave of pain where leaped of old  
the billowy joys :  
Hush and still thee now unmoved to drink  
the bitter sea,  
Drink with equal heart : be brave ; and life  
with laughing voice  
And death will be one for thee.

Ere my mortal days pass by and life in the  
world be done,

Oh, to know what world shall rise within the  
spirit's ken

When it grows into the peace where light  
and dark are one !

What voice for the world of men ?



## WEARINESS

WHERE are now the dreams divine,  
Fires that lit the dawning soul,  
As the ruddy colours shine  
Through an opal aureole?

Moving in a joyous trance,  
We were like the forest glooms  
Rumorous of old romance,  
Fraught with unimagined dooms.

Titans we or morning stars,  
So we seemed in days of old,  
Mingling in the giant wars  
Fought afar in deeps of gold.

God, an elder brother dear,  
Filled with kindly light our thought :  
Many a radiant form was near  
Whom our hearts remember not.

Would they know us now? I think  
Old companions of the prime  
From our garments well might shrink,  
Muddied with the lees of Time.

Fade the heaven-assailing moods :  
Slave to petty tasks I pine  
For the quiet of the woods,  
And the sunlight seems divine.

And I yearn to lay my head  
Where the grass is green and sweet,  
Mother, all the dreams are fled  
From the tired child at thy feet.

## THE TWILIGHT OF EARTH

THE wonder of the world is o'er :  
The magic from the sea is gone :  
There is no unimagined shore,  
No islet yet to venture on.  
The Sacred Hazels' blooms are shed,  
The Nuts of Knowledge harvested.

Oh, what is worth this lore of age  
If time shall never bring us back  
Our battle with the gods to wage  
Reeling along the starry track.  
The battle rapture here goes by  
In warring upon things that die.

Let be the tale of him whose love  
Was sighed between white Deirdre's breasts,  
It will not lift the heart above  
The sodden clay on which it rests.  
Love once had power the gods to bring  
All rapt on its wild wandering.

We shiver in the falling dew,  
And seek a shelter from the storm :

When man these elder brothers knew  
 He found the mother nature warm,  
 A hearth fire blazing through it all,  
 A home without a circling wall.

We dwindle down beneath the skies,  
 And from ourselves we pass away :  
 The paradise of memories  
 Grows ever fainter day by day.  
 The shepherd stars have shrunk within,  
 The world's great night will soon begin.

Will no one, ere it is too late,  
 Ere fades the last memorial gleam,  
 Recall for us our earlier state?

For nothing but so vast a dream  
 That it would scale the steeps of air  
 Could rouse us from so vast despair.

The power is ours to make or mar  
 Our fate as on the earliest morn,  
 The Darkness and the Radiance are  
 Creatures within the spirit born.  
 Yet, bathed in gloom too long, we might  
 Forget how we imagined light.

Not yet are fixed the prison bars ;  
 The hidden light the spirit owns  
 If blown to flame would dim the stars  
 And they who rule them from their thrones :  
 And the proud sceptred spirits thence  
 Would bow to pay us reverence.

Oh, while the glory sinks within  
Let us not wait on earth behind,  
But follow where it flies, and win  
The glow again, and we may find  
Beyond the Gateways of the Day  
Dominion and ancestral sway.

## THE GARDEN OF GOD

WITHIN the iron cities  
One walked unknown for years,  
In his heart the pity of pities  
That grew for human tears.

When love and grief were ended  
The flower of pity grew .  
By unseen hands 't was tended  
And fed with holy dew.

Though in his heart were barred in  
The blooms of beauty blown,  
Yet he who grew the garden  
Could call no flower his own.

For by the hands that watered,  
The blooms that opened fair  
Through frost and pain were scattered  
To sweeten the dead air.

## A PRAYER

O HOLY Spirit of the Hazel, hearken now :  
Though shining suns and silver moons burn  
    on the bough,  
And though the fruit of stars by many myriads  
    gleam,  
Yet in the undergrowth below, still in thy  
    dream,  
Lighting the monstrous maze and labyrinthine  
    gloom  
Are many gem-winged flowers with gay and  
    delicate bloom.  
And in the shade, hearken, O Dreamer of the  
    Tree,  
One wild-rose blossom of thy spirit breathed  
    on me  
With lovely and still light : a little sister  
    flower  
To those that whitely on the tall moon-  
    branches tower.  
Lord of the Hazel, now, O hearken while I  
    pray.  
This wild-rose blossom of thy spirit fades  
    away.

## A LAST COUNSEL

COULD you not in silence borrow  
Strength to go from us ungrieving?  
All these hours of loving sorrow  
Only make more bitter leaving.

You will go forth lonely, thinking  
Of the pain you leave behind you ;  
From the golden sunlight shrinking  
For the earthly tears will blind you.

Better, ah, if now we parted  
For the little while remaining ;  
You would seek when broken-hearted  
For the mighty heart's sustaining.

You would go then gladly turning  
From our place of wounds and weeping,  
With your soul for comfort burning  
To the mother-bosom creeping.



## ORDEAL

Love and pity are pleading with me this  
hour.

What is this voice that stays me forbidding  
to yield,  
Offering beauty, love, and immortal power,  
Æons away in some far-off heavenly field?

Though I obey thee, Immortal, my heart is  
sore.

Though love be withdrawn for love it  
bitterly grieves :  
Pity withheld in the breast makes sorrow  
more.

Oh that the heart could feel what the mind  
believes !

Cease, O love, thy fiery and gentle pleading.  
Soft is thy grief, but in tempest through  
me it rolls.

Dream'st thou not whither the path is leading  
Where the Dark Immortal would shepherd  
our weeping souls?

## A FAREWELL

ONLY in my deep heart I love you, sweetest  
heart.

Many another vesture hath the soul, I pray  
Call me not forth from this. If from the  
light I part

Only with clay I cling unto the clay.

And ah ! my bright companion, you and I  
must go

Our ways, unfolding lonely glories, not our  
own,

Nor from each other gathered, but an inward  
glow

Breathed by the Lone One on the seeker  
lone.

If for the heart's own sake we break the heart,  
we may

When the last ruby drop dissolves in  
diamond light

Meet in a deeper vesture in another day.

Until that dawn, dear heart, good-night,  
good-night.

## THE VOICE OF THE SEA

THE sea was hoary, hoary,  
Beating on rock and cave :  
The winds were white and weeping  
With foam dust of the wave.

They thundered louder, louder,  
With storm-lips curled in scorn—  
And dost thou tremble before us,  
O fallen star of morn ?

## THE HOUR OF TWILIGHT

WHEN the unquiet hours depart  
And far away their tumults cease,  
Within the twilight of the heart  
We bathe in peace, are stilled with peace.

The fire that slew us through the day  
For angry deed or sin of sense  
Now is the star and homeward ray  
To us who bow in penitence.

We kiss the lips of bygone pain  
And find a secret sweet in them :  
The thorns once dripped with shadowy rain  
Are bright upon each diadem.

Ceases the old pathetic strife,  
The struggle with the scarlet sin :  
The mad enchanted laugh of life  
Tempt not the soul that sees within.

No riotous and fairy song  
Allures the prodigals who bow  
Within the home of law, and throng  
Before the mystic Father now,

THE HOUR OF TWILIGHT 193

Where faces of the elder years,  
High souls absolved from grief and sin,  
Leaning from out ancestral spheres  
Beckon the wounded spirit in.

## OUR THRONES DECAY

I SAID my pleasure shall not move ;  
It is not fixed in things apart :  
Seeking not love—but yet to love—  
I put my trust in mine own heart.

I knew the fountain of the deep  
Wells up with living joy, unfed :  
Such joys the lonely heart may keep,  
And love grow rich with love unwed.

Still flows the ancient fount sublime ;—  
But, ah, for my heart, shed tears, shed tears ;  
Not it, but love, has scorn of time ;  
It turns to dust beneath the years.

## RECOLLECTION

THROUGH the blue shadowy valley I hastened  
in a dream :  
Flower rich the night, flower soft the air, a  
blue flower the stream  
I hurried over before I came to the cabin  
door,  
Where the orange flame-glow danced within  
on the beaten floor.  
And the lovely mother who drooped by the  
sleeping child arose :  
And I see how with love her eyes are glad,  
her face how it glows.  
And I know all this was past ten thousand  
years away,  
But in the Ever-Living yesterday is here to-  
day,  
And the beauty made dust we cry out for  
with so much pain.  
Unknown lover, I lived over your joy again.  
Long dead maiden, your breasts were warm  
for the living head.  
It is we who have passed from ourselves,  
from beauty which is not dead.

I know, when I come to my own immortal,  
I will find there  
In a myriad instant all that the wandering  
soul found fair :  
Empires that never crumbled, and thrones all  
glorious yet,  
And hearts ere they were broken, and eyes  
ere they were wet.



## THE WELL OF ALL-HEALING

THERE'S a cure for sorrow in the well at  
Ballylee

Where the scarlet cressets hang over the  
trembling pool :  
And joyful winds are blowing from the Land  
of Youth to me,  
And the heart of the earth is full.

Many and many a sunbright maiden saw the  
enchanted land

With star faces glimmer up from the druid  
wave :

Many and many a pain of love was soothed  
by a faery hand

Or lost in the love it gave.

When the quiet with a ring of pearl shall  
wed the earth,

And the scarlet berries burn dark by the  
stars in the pool ;

Oh, it's lost and deep I'll be amid the Danaan  
mirth,

While the heart of the earth is full.

## A NEW THEME

I FAIN would leave the tender songs  
I sang to you of old,  
Thinking the oft-sung beauty wrongs  
The magic never told.

And touch no more the thoughts, the moods,  
That win the easy praise ;  
But venture in the untrodden woods  
To carve the future ways.

Though far or strange or cold appear  
The shadowy things I tell,  
Within the heart the hidden seer  
Knows and remembers well.

I think that in the coming time  
The hearts and hopes of men  
The mountain tops of life shall climb,  
The gods return again.

I strive to blow the magic horn ;  
It feebly murmureth ;  
Arise on some enchanted morn,  
Poet, with God's own breath !

And sound the horn I cannot blow,  
And by the secret name  
Each exile of the heart will know  
Kindle the magic flame.

# THE FOUNTAIN OF SHADOWY BEAUTY

## A DREAM

*I WOULD I could weave in  
The colour, the wonder,  
The song I conceive in  
My heart while I ponder,*

*And show how it came like  
The magi of old  
Whose chant was a flame like  
The dawn's voice of gold ;*

*Whose dreams followed near them  
A murmur of birds,  
And ear still could hear them  
Unchanted in words.*

*In words I can only  
Reveal thee my heart,  
Oh, Light of the Lonely,  
The shining impart.*

Between the twilight and the dark  
The lights danced up before my eyes .  
I found no sleep or peace or rest,  
But dreams of stars and burning skies.

I knew the faces of the day—  
Dream faces, pale, with cloudy hair,  
I knew you not nor yet your home,  
The Fount of Shadowy Beauty, where?

I passed a dream of gloomy ways  
Where ne'er did human feet intrude :  
It was the border of a wood,  
A dreadful forest solitude.

With wondrous red and fairy gold  
The clouds were woven o'er the ocean ;  
The stars in fiery æther swung  
And danced with gay and glittering motion.

A fire leaped up within my heart  
When first I saw the old sea shine ;  
As if a god were there revealed  
I bowed my head in awe divine ;

And long beside the dim sea marge  
I mused until the gathering haze  
Veiled from me where the silver tide  
Ran in its thousand shadowy ways.

The black night dropped upon the sea :  
The silent awe came down with it :

I saw fantastic vapours flee  
As o'er the darkness of the pit.

When lo ! from out the furthest night  
A speck of rose and silver light  
Above a boat shaped wondrously  
Came floating swiftly o'er the sea.

It was no human will that bore  
The boat so fleetly to the shore  
Without a sail spread or an oar.

The Pilot stood erect thereon  
And lifted up his ancient face,  
Ancient with glad eternal youth  
Like one who was of starry race.

His face was rich with dusky bloom ;  
His eyes a bronze and golden fire ;  
His hair in streams of silver light  
Hung flamelike on his strange attire,

Which, starred with many a mystic sign,  
Fell as o'er sunlit ruby glowing :  
His light flew o'er the waves afar  
In ruddy ripples on each bar  
Along the spiral pathways flowing.

It was a crystal boat that chased  
The light along the watery waste,  
Till caught amid the surges hoary  
The Pilot stayed its jewelled glory.

Oh, never such a glory was :  
 The pale moon shot it through and through  
 With light of lilac, white and blue :  
 And there mid many a fairy hue,  
 Of pearl and pink and amethyst,  
 Like lightning ran the rainbow gleams  
 And wove around a wonder-mist.

The Pilot lifted beckoning hands ;  
 Silent I went with deep amaze  
 To know why came this Beam of Light  
 So far along the ocean ways  
 Out of the vast and shadowy night.

“Make haste, make haste!” he cried. “Away!  
 A thousand ages now are gone.  
 Yet thou and I ere night be sped  
 Will reck no more of eve or dawn.”

Swift as the swallow to its nest  
 I leaped : my body dropt right down :  
 A silver star I rose and flew.  
 A flame burned golden at his breast :  
 I entered at the heart and knew  
 My Brother-Self who roams the deep,  
 Bird of the wonder-world of sleep.

The ruby vesture wrapped us round  
 As twain in one ; we left behind  
 The league-long murmur of the shore  
 And fledted swifter than the wind.

The distance rushed upon the bark :  
We neared unto the mystic isles :  
The heavenly city we could mark,  
Its mountain light, its jewel dark,  
Its pinnacles and starry piles.

The glory brightened : "Do not fear ;  
For we are real, though what seems  
So proudly built above the waves  
Is but one mighty spirit's dreams.

"Our Father's house hath many fanes ;  
Yet enter not and worship not,  
For thought but follows after thought  
Till last consuming self it wanes.

"The Fount of Shadowy Beauty flings  
Its glamour o'er the light of day :  
A music in the sunlight sings  
To call the dreamy hearts away  
Their mighty hopes to ease awhile :  
We will not go the way of them :  
The chant makes drowsy those who seek  
The sceptre and the diadem.

"The Fount of Shadowy Beauty throws  
Its magic round us all the night ;  
What things the heart would be, it sees  
And chases them in endless flight.  
Or coiled in phantom visions there  
It builds within the halls of fire ;



Its dreams flash like the peacock's wing  
And glow with sun-hues of desire.  
We will not follow in their ways  
Nor heed the lure of fay or elf,  
But in the ending of our days  
Rest in the high Ancestral Self."

The boat of crystal touched the shore,  
Then melted flamelike from our eyes,  
As in the twilight drops the sun  
Withdrawing rays of paradise.

We hurried under archéd aisles  
That far above in heaven withdrawn  
With cloudy pillars stormed the night,  
Rich as the opal shafts of dawn.

I would have lingered then—but he :  
"Oh, let us haste : the dream grows dim,  
Another night, another day,  
A thousand years will part from him,  
Who is that Ancient One divine  
From whom our phantom being born  
Rolled with the wonder-light around  
Had started in the fairy morn.

"A thousand of our years to him  
Are but the night, are but the day,  
Wherein he rests from cyclic toil  
Or chants the song of starry sway.  
He falls asleep : the Shadowy Fount  
Fills all our heart with dreams of light :

He wakes to ancient spheres, and we  
 Through iron ages mourn the night.  
 We will not wander in the night  
 But in a darkness more divine  
 Shall join the Father Light of Lights  
 And rule the long-descended line."

Even then a vast twilight fell :  
 Wavered in air the shadowy towers :  
 The city like a gleaming shell,  
 Its azures, opals, silvers, blues,  
 Were melting in more dreamy hues.  
 We feared the falling of the night  
 And hurried more our headlong flight.  
 In one long line the towers went by ;  
 The trembling radiance dropt behind,  
 As when some swift and radiant one  
 Flits by and flings upon the wind  
 The rainbow tresses of the sun.

And then they vanished from our gaze  
 Faded the magic lights, and all  
 Into a starry radiance fell  
 As waters in their fountain fall.

We knew our time-long journey o'er  
 And knew the end of all desire,  
 And saw within the emerald glow  
 Our Father like the white sun-fire.

We could not say if age or youth  
 Were on his face : we only burned

To pass the gateways of the day,  
The exiles to the heart returned.

He rose to greet us and his breath,  
The tempest music of the spheres,  
Dissolved the memory of earth,  
The cyclic labour and our tears.  
In him our dream of sorrow passed,  
The spirit once again was free  
And heard the song the morning stars  
Chant in eternal revelry.

This was the close of human story ;  
We saw the deep unmeasured shine,  
And sank within the mystic glory  
They called of old the Dark Divine.

*Well it is gone now,  
The dream that I chanted :  
On this side the dawn now  
I sit fate-implanted.*

*But though of my dreaming  
The dawn has bereft me,  
It all was not seeming  
For something has left me.*

*I feel in some other  
World far from this cold light  
The Dream Bird, my brother,  
Is rayed with the gold light.*

*I too in the Father  
Would hide me, and so,  
Bright Bird, to foregather  
With thee now I go.*

## THE FEAST OF AGE

SEE where the light streams over Connla's  
fountain

Starward aspire !

The sacred sign upon the holy mountain  
Shines in white fire :

Wavering and flaming yonder o'er the snows  
The diamond light

Melts into silver or to sapphire glows,  
Night beyond night :

And from the heaven of heaven descends on  
earth

A dew divine.

Come, let us mingle in the starry mirth  
Around the shrine.

O earth, enchantress, mother, to our home  
In thee we press,

Thrilled by thy fiery breath and wrapt in some  
Vast tenderness.

The homeward birds, uncertain o'er their nest  
Wheel in the dome,

Fraught with dim dreams of more enraptured  
rest,

Another home.

But gather ye, to whose undarkened eyes  
Night is as day,  
Leap forth, immortals, birds of paradise,  
In bright array,  
Robed like the shining tresses of the sun,  
And by his name  
Call from his haunt divine the ancient one,  
Our father flame.  
Aye, from the wonder light, heart of our star,  
Come now, come now.  
Sun-breathing spirit, ray thy lights afar :  
Thy children bow,  
Hush with more awe the heart; the bright-  
browed races.  
Are nothing worth,  
By those dread gods from out whose awful  
faces  
The earth looks forth  
Infinite pity set in calm, whose vision cast  
Adown the years  
Beholds how beauty burns away at last  
Their children's tears.  
Now while our hearts the ancient quietness  
Floods with its tide,  
The things of air and fire and height no less  
In it abide ;  
And from their wanderings over sea and  
shore  
They rise as one  
Unto the vastness, and with us adore  
The midnight sun,

And enter the innumerable All  
    And shine like gold,  
And starlike gleam in the immortal's hall,  
    The heavenly fold,  
And drink the sun-breaths from the mother's  
    lips  
    Awhile, and then  
Fail from the light and drop in dark eclipse  
    To earth again,  
Roaming along by heaven-hid promontory  
    And valley dim,  
Weaving a phantom image of the glory  
    They knew in Him.  
Out of the fulness flow the winds, their song  
    Is heard no more,  
Or hardly breathes a mystic sound along  
    The dreamy shore,  
Blindly they move, unknowing as in trance ;  
    Their wandering  
Is half with us, and half an inner dance,  
    Led by the King.

## GLORY AND SHADOW

### SHADOW

Who art thou, O Glory,  
In flame from the deep  
Where stars chant their story ;  
Why trouble my sleep ?  
I hardly had rested ;  
My dreams wither now.  
Why comest thou crested  
And gemmed on thy brow ?

### GLORY

Up, Shadow, and follow  
The way I will show :  
The blue gleaming hollow  
To-night we shall know :  
And rise through the vast to  
The fountain of days  
From whence we had passed to  
The parting of ways.



## SHADOW

I know thee, O Glory ;  
Thine eyes and thy brow  
With white-fire all hoary  
Come back to me now.  
Together we wandered  
In ages ago :  
Our thoughts as we pondered  
Were stars at the dawn.  
My glory has dwindled,  
My azure and gold :  
Yet you keep unkindled  
The sunfire of old.  
My footsteps are tied to  
The heath and the stone :  
My thoughts earth-allied-to,  
Ah, leave me alone.  
Go back, thou of gladness,  
Nor wound me with pain,  
Nor smite me with madness,  
Nor come nigh again.

## GLORY

Why tremble and weep now,  
Whom stars once obeyed ?  
Come forth to the deep now  
And be not afraid.  
The Dark One is calling  
I know, for his dreams

Around me are falling  
In musical streams.  
A diamond is burning  
In depths of the lone,  
Thy spirit returning  
May claim for its throne.  
In flame-fringed islands  
Its sorrow shall cease,  
Absorbed in the silence  
And quenched in the peace.  
Come lay thy poor head on  
My heart where it glows  
With love ruby-red on  
Thy heart for its woes.  
My power I surrender ;  
To thee it is due.  
Come forth ! for the splendour  
Is waiting for you.

## THE ROBIN OF THE KING

ON the bird of air blue-breasted glint the rays  
of gold,  
And its shadowy fleece above us waves the  
forest old,  
Far through rumorous leagues of midnight  
stirred by breezes warm.  
See the old ascetic yonder, ah, poor withered  
form,  
Where he crouches wrinkled over by un-  
numbered years  
Through the leaves the flakes of moon-fire  
fall like phantom tears.  
At the dawn a kingly hunter swept in proud  
disdain,  
Like a rainbow torrent scattered flashed his  
royal train.  
Now the lonely one unheeded seeks earth's  
caverns dim :  
Never king or prince will robe them radiantly  
as him  
'Mid the deep enfolding darkness follow him,  
O seer,

## 216 THE ROBIN OF THE KING

Where the arrow will is piercing fiery sphere  
on sphere,  
Through the blackness leaps and sparkles  
gold and amethyst,  
Curling, jetting, and dissolving in a rainbow  
mist.  
In the jewel glow and lunar radiance rises  
there  
One, a morning star in beauty, young,  
immortal, fair :  
Sealed in heavy sleep, the spirit leaves its  
faded dress,  
Unto fiery youth returning out of weariness.  
Music as for one departing, joy as for a  
king,  
Sound and swell, and hark ! above him  
cymbals triumphing.  
Fire, an aureole encircling, suns his brow  
with gold,  
Like to one who hails the morning on the  
mountains old.  
Open mightier vistas, changing human loves  
to scorns,  
And the spears of glory pierce him like a  
crown of thorns.  
High and yet more high to freedom as a bird  
he springs,  
And the aureole outbreathing, gold and silver  
wings  
Plume the brow and crown the seraph : soon  
his journey done

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He will pass our eyes that follow, sped  
beyond the sun.

None may know the mystic radiance, King,  
will there be thine,

Far beyond the light enfolded in the dark  
divine.

## A CALL OF THE SIDHE

TARRY thou yet, late lingerer in the twilight's  
glory :

Gay are the hills with song : earth's faery  
children leave

More dim abodes to roam the primrose-  
hearted eve,

Opening their glimmering lips to breathe  
some wondrous story.

Hush, not a whisper ! Let your heart alone  
go dreaming.

Dream unto dream may pass : deep in the  
heart alone

Murmurs the Mighty One his solemn under-  
tone.

Canst thou not see adown the silver cloudland  
streaming

Rivers of faery light, dewdrop on dewdrop  
falling,

Star-fire of silver flames, lighting the dark  
beneath ?

And what enraptured hosts burn on the dusky  
heath !

Come thou away with them for Heaven to  
Earth is calling.

These are Earth's voice—her answer—spirits  
thronging.

Come to the Land of Youth : the trees grown  
heavy there

Drop on the purple wave the starry fruit  
they bear.

Drink : the immortal waters quench the  
spirit's longing.

Art thou not now, bright one, all sorrow past,  
in elation,

Made young with joy, grown brother-hearted  
with the vast,

Whither thy spirit wending flits the dim stars  
past

Unto the Light of Lights in burning adoration

## ON A HILLSIDE

A FRIENDLY mountain I know ;  
As I lie on the green slope there  
It sets my heart in a glow  
And closes the door on care.

A thought I try to frame—  
I was with you long ago ;  
My soul from your heart out-came ;  
Mountain, is that not so ?

Take me again, dear hills,  
Open the door to me  
Where the magic murmur thrills  
The halls I do not see,

The halls and caverns deep ;  
Though sometimes I may dare  
Down the twilight stairs of sleep  
To meet the kingly there.

Sometimes on flaming wings  
I sit upon a throne  
And watch how the great star swings  
Along the sapphire zone.



It has wings of its own for flight,  
Diamond its pinions strong,  
Glories of opal and white,  
I watch the whole night long.

Until I needs must lay  
My royal robes aside  
To toil in a world of grey,  
Grey shadows by my side.

And when I ponder it o'er  
Grey memories only bide,  
But their fading lips tell more  
Than all the world beside.

## A RETURN

WE turned back mad from the mystic  
mountains,  
All foamed with red and with elfin gold :  
Up from the heart of the twilight's fountains  
The fires enchanted were starward rolled.

We turned back mad : we thought of the  
morrow,  
The iron clang of the far-away town :  
We could not weep in our bitter sorrow,  
But joy as an Arctic sun went down.

## THE CHILD OF DESTINY

THIS is the hero-heart of the enchanted isle,  
Whom now the twilight children tenderly  
    enfold,  
Pat with their pearly palms and crown with  
    elfin gold,  
While in the mountain's breast his brothers  
    watch and smile.  
Who now of Dana's host may guide these  
    dancing feet ?  
What bright immortal hides and through a  
    child's light breath  
Laughs an immortal joy—Angus of love and  
    death  
Returned to make our hearts with dream and  
    music beat ?  
Or Lu leaves heavenly wars to free his  
    ancient land ;  
Not on the fiery steed maned with tumultuous  
    flame  
As in the Fomor days the sunbright chieftain  
    came,  
But in this dreaming boy, more subtle conquest  
    planned.

Or does the Mother brood some deed of  
sacrifice ?

Her heart in his laid bare to hosts of wound-  
ing spears,

Till love immortal melt the cruel eyes to tears,  
Or on his brow be set the heroes' thorny  
prize.

See ! as some shadows of a darker race draw  
near,

How he compels their feet, with what a proud  
command !

What is it waves and gleams ? Is that a  
Silver Hand

Whose light through delicate lifted fingers  
shines so clear ?

Night like a glowing seraph o'er the kingly  
boy

Watches with ardent eyes from his own  
ancient home ;

And far away, rocking in living foam

The three great waves leap up exulting in  
their joy,

Remembering the past, the immemorial deeds  
The Danaan gods had wrought in guise of  
mortal men,

Their elemental hearts madden with life  
again,

And shaking foamy heads toss the great ocean  
steeds.

## MAGIC

### AFTER READING THE UPANISHADS

Out of the dusky chamber of the brain  
Flows the imperial will through dream on  
dream :  
The fires of life around it tempt and gleam ;  
The lights of earth behind it fade and wane.

Passed beyond beauty tempting dream on  
dream,  
The pure will seeks the heart-hold of the  
light :  
Sounds the deep OM, the mystic word of  
might :  
Forth from the heart-hold breaks the living  
stream.

Passed out beyond the deep heart music-filled,  
The kingly will sits on the ancient throne,  
Wielding the sceptre, fearless, free, alone,  
Knowing in Brahma all it dared and willed.

## BREAGHY

WHEN twilight flutters the mountains over,  
The faery lights from the earth unfold :  
And over the caves enchanted hover  
The giant heroes and gods of old.  
The bird of æther its flaming pinions  
Waves over earth the whole night long :  
The stars drop down in their blue dominions  
To hymn together their choral song.  
The child of earth in his heart grows burning,  
Mad for the night and the deep unknown ;  
His alien flame in a dream returning  
Seats itself on the ancient throne.  
When twilight over the mountains fluttered,  
And night with its starry millions came,  
I too had dreams : the songs I have uttered  
Come from this heart that was touched by the  
flame.

## A FAREWELL

I go down from the hills half in gladness,  
and half with a pain I depart,  
Where the Mother with gentlest breathing  
made music on lip and in heart ;  
For I know that my childhood is over : a  
call comes out of the vast,  
And the love that I had in the old time, like  
beauty in twilight, is past.

I am fired by a Danaan whisper of battles  
afar in the world,  
And my thought is no longer of peace, for  
the banners in dream are unfurled,  
And I pass from the council of stars and of  
hills to a life that is new :  
And I bid to you stars and you mountains a  
tremulous long adieu.

I will come once again as a master, who  
played here as child in my dawn  
I will enter the heart of the hills where the  
gods of the old world are gone.

And will war like the bright Hound of Ulla  
with princes of earth and of sky.  
For my dream is to conquer the heavens and  
battle for kingship on high.



## ON BEHALF OF SOME IRISHMEN NOT FOLLOWERS OF TRADITION

THEY call us aliens, we are told,  
Because our wayward visions stray  
From that dim banner they unfold,  
The dreams of worn-out yesterday.  
The sum of all the past is theirs,  
The creeds, the deeds, the fame, the name,  
Whose death-created glory flares  
And dims the spark of living flame.  
They weave the necromancer's spell,  
And burst the graves where martyrs slept,  
Their ancient story to retell,  
Renewing tears the dead have wept.  
And they would have us join their dirge,  
This worship of an extinct fire  
In which they drift beyond the verge  
Where races all outworn expire.  
The worship of the dead is not  
A worship that our hearts allow,  
Though every famous shade were wrought  
With woven thorns above the brow.  
We fling our answer back in scorn :

“We are less children of this clime  
Than of some nation yet unborn  
Or empire in the womb of time.  
We hold the Ireland in the heart  
More than the land our eyes have seen,  
And love the goal for which we start  
More than the tale of what has been.”  
The generations as they rise  
May live the life men lived before,  
Still hold the thought once held as wise,  
Go in and out by the same door.  
We leave the easy peace it brings :  
The few we are shall still unite  
In fealty to unseen kings  
Or unimaginable light.  
We would no Irish sign efface,  
But yet our lips would gladlier hail  
The firstborn of the Coming Race  
Than the last splendour of the Gael.  
No blazoned banner we unfold—  
One charge alone we give to youth,  
Against the sceptred myth to hold  
The golden heresy of truth.

## AN IRISH FACE

Nor her own sorrow only that hath place  
Upon yon gentle face.  
Too slight have been her childhood's years  
to gain  
The imprint of such pain.  
It hid behind her laughing hours, and  
wrought  
Each curve in saddest thought  
On brow and lips and eyes. With subtle art  
It made that little heart  
Through its young joyous beatings to  
prepare  
A quiet shelter there,  
Where the immortal sorrows might find a  
home.  
And many there have come ;  
Bowed in a mournful mist of golden hair  
Deirdre hath entered there.  
And shrouded in a fall of pitying dew,  
Weeping the friend he slew,  
The Hound of Ulla lies, with those who  
shed  
Tears for the Wild Geese fled.

And all the lovers on whom fate had warred  
Cutting the silver cord  
Enter, and softly breath by breath they  
    mould  
The young heart to the old,  
The old protest, the old pity, whose power  
Are gathering to the hour  
When their knit silence shall be mightier far  
Than leagued empires are.  
And dreaming of the sorrow on this face  
We grow of lordlier race,  
Could shake the rooted rampart of the hills  
To shield her from all ills,  
And through a deep adoring pity won  
Grow what we dream upon.

## ON THE WATERS

OUR boat drifts in the heart of heat,  
In starry dances plays the light ;  
Above the wave our glances meet  
The warmest world of blue and bright.  
At harmony are sky and sea ;  
Your face shines on me young and gay,  
And life has given all to me  
That heart could wish this happy day.

Yet I have grown so sudden old  
Your laughter sounds afar. I seem  
As one who wakening tries to hold  
A figure that he loved in dream,  
And feels it lost beyond recall  
In worlds unconquerable ; so I  
Am in an instant rapt from all :  
I might be veiled within the sky.

The clouds swim in the heavenly blue  
And still I see the waters shine,  
In tender tones a name floats to  
A vanished self that once was mine.

They thrill me not, I know not how  
The lips but late so sweetly kissed.  
A love more ancient draws me now  
To keep some immemorial tryst.

Is love unbounded then so high  
The love that woke it may not win,  
When grown to fulness it must fly  
And seek its own immortal kin?  
Who are my kinsmen in the vast?  
And shall I in this soundless calm  
Find recompense for all the past,  
Be nearer unto what I am?

Have you like me behind the veil  
A self so mystic and so cold,  
And if we could each other hail  
Would all the pallor glow to gold?  
Speak, for although I have the sense  
Of destinies about me piled  
And yet unveiled magnificence,  
I feel but as a little child,

Or one the grave no longer owns,  
Whose spirit breaks above the sods,  
Is overlooked from awful thrones  
And crouches at the feet of gods,  
Nor sees nor hears he with bowed head  
The judgment of the shining ring,  
Nor what high doom at length is said  
And echoed back from king to king.

The doom is spoken. It may be  
That I shall never more forget  
In all my thoughts of thee and me  
The maya wherein life is set,  
This wizardry shall still pursue  
All things we had found firm or fair,  
Till life itself seem frail as dew  
Or bubble glistening on the air.

Your eyes hold mine once more. Your  
face

Again allures. Oh, let us fly !  
There is some magic in this place  
Would mar the dream of You and I.  
Come, let us bend unto the oar,  
Pull swift, beloved, there may be  
Safe home on that far glimmering shore ;  
Oh ! fly from the enchanted sea !

## GODS OF WAR

1914

FATE wafts us from the pygmies' shore :  
We swim beneath the epic skies :  
A Rome and Carthage war once more,  
And wider empires are the prize ;  
Where the beaked galleys clashed ; lo, these  
Our iron dragons of the seas !

High o'er the cloudy battle sweep  
The winged chariots in their flight :  
The steely creatures of the deep  
Cleave the dark waters' ancient night :  
Below, above, in wave, in air,  
New worlds for conquest everywhere.

More terrible than spear or sword  
Those stars that burst with fiery breath :  
More loud the battle cries are poured  
Along a hundred leagues of death.  
So do they fight. How have ye warred,  
Defeated Armies of the Lord ?



This is the Dark Immortal's hour,  
His victory, whoever fail ;  
His prophets have not lost their power :  
Cæsar and Attila prevail.  
These are your legions still, proud ghosts,  
These myriad embattled hosts.

How wanes Thine empire, Prince of Peace !  
With the fleet circling of the suns  
The ancient gods their power increase ;  
Lo, how Thine own anointed ones  
Make holy all Thy soul abhorred,  
The hate on which Thy love had warred.

Who dreamed a dream mid outcasts born  
Could overbrow the pride of kings ?  
They pour on Christ the ancient scorn.  
His Dove its gold and silver wings  
Has spread. Perhaps it nests in flame  
In outcasts who abjure His name.

Choose ye your rightful gods, nor pay  
Lip reverence that the heart denies.  
O Nations, is not Zeus to-day,  
The thunderer from the epic skies,  
More than the Prince of Peace ? Is Thor  
Not nobler for a world at war ?

They fit the dreams of power we hold,  
Those gods whose names are with us still,  
Men in their image made of old  
The high companions of their will.

Who build in air an empire's pride—  
Would they pray to the Crucified ?

O outcast Christ, it was too soon  
For flags of battle to be furled  
While life was yet at the hot noon.  
Come in the twilight of the world :  
Its kings may greet Thee without scorn  
And crown Thee then without a thorn.

## BATTLE ARDOUR

UNTO what heaven wends this wild ecstasy?  
Is the fired spirit light upon its wings,  
Self being outcast, as the diver flings  
His garment so that every limb be free?  
Is it an instant of eternity  
Attained because no earthly terror clings?  
Not now it battles for the rights of kings.  
This ecstasy is all its own; to be  
Quit of itself, mounted upon the power  
That, like Leviathan, breaks from the deep  
Primeval and all conquering. He dies!  
Yet has he conquered in that very hour.  
He and his foeman the same tryst do keep.  
His foemen are his brothers in the skies.

## CONTINUITY

No sign is made while empires pass.  
The flowers and stars are still His care,  
The constellations hid in grass,  
The golden miracles in air.

Life in an instant will be rent  
Where death is glittering blind and wild—  
The Heavenly Brooding is intent  
To that last instant on Its child.

It breathes the glow in brain and heart,  
Life is made magical. Until  
Body and spirit are apart  
The Everlasting works Its will.

In that wild orchid that your feet  
In their next falling shall destroy,  
Minute and passionate and sweet  
The Mighty Master holds His joy.

Though the crushed jewels droop and fade  
The Artist's labours will not cease,  
And of the ruins shall be made  
Some yet more lovely masterpiece.

## ARES

I SAW in dream our mighty hunter ride  
Like one distraught, and maddening where  
    he trod,  
Trampling to dust the cities of our pride,  
And yet he seemed a god.

He gloomed above me with his famished eyes,  
With thorns, a fiery circlet, round his head.  
His robes had broken hearts for broideries  
And trailed in liquid red.

And on my fear he cast a scornful gaze :  
“I, once the King, am outcast of the soul.  
A thing of dread, I follow on your ways  
Till time has made you whole.

“I was the fire that sped you forth to hunt  
The monstrous life that coiled in fen or wave,  
The fearless joy that went with you to front  
The dragon in its cave.

“ I was the might that made you unafraid,  
Will that upheld you till the earth was won,  
That met the wild colossi undismayed,  
Mammoth or mastodon.

“ Mine was the strength laid bare the  
treasures hid  
Beneath the bones of earth ; and builded wide,  
Blazoned with gold, the huge squat pyramid  
For Kings I deified ;

“ And speared the sky with heaven-assailing  
towers,  
Pointing the starry thrones we yet might win ;  
But that you turned and chose the easeful  
powers  
To dwell with you therein.

“ In lovely idleness the days were sped  
With Beauty in her garden murmuring low.  
I was outcast, and to the desert fled  
To raise the whirlwind so :

“ And hurled against your gates the desert  
folk  
Whose sceptre was the scourge, their law a  
chain,  
That you might yet, stung by the bitter yoke,  
Grow unto power again.

"King have I been and foe in ages past.  
None may escape me. I am foe until  
There shall be for the spirit forged at last  
The high unshakeable will.

"My kindred are they, beauty, wisdom, love;  
But without me are none may dare to climb  
To the Ancestral Light that glows above  
Its mirrored lights in Time.

"Fear! I will rend you. Love! I make you  
strong.  
Wed with my might the beautiful and wise,  
We shall go forth at last, a Titan throng,  
To storm His Paradise."

## FOREBODING

WHY do these tragic fancies throng  
About the subject of my song,  
Whose heart and lips, twin fountains, spray  
A foam of fancies ever gay ?  
Oh, tell me, why should eyes be wet  
In musing upon Margaret ?

Why is the dream of her allied  
With empires humbled in their pride ?  
Why should I see this face of flowers  
Mid cities with their burning towers ?  
Why should a thorny crown be set  
Above the brows of Margaret ?

Who breathe too long the golden airs  
Must wrestle after with despairs.  
We warred with elemental powers  
While you have come a way of flowers.  
Your feet are all unstained, but yet  
Your feet have strayed, O Margaret.

Beauty and strength as creatures roam  
Athirst for their eternal home,



Yet come they singly unallied  
The heavenly city is denied.  
Till loveliness and power are met,  
No heaven for you, poor Margaret.

How could you tame, so slight and fair,  
The burning dragon of the air,  
Till queened amid its awful wings  
They bear you to the King of Kings?  
Such high adventures are not set  
For frailty, gay Margaret.

So many glories passed away,  
Rome, Babylon, and Nineveh ;  
Their beauty kept a lonely heart  
From the dim underworld apart,  
And by barbaric hosts beset  
They fell as you shall, Margaret.

Yet still you might the kingdom claim  
Without the martyrdom and shame,  
Could you but seek of your accord  
That other angel of the Lord,  
Hold out the hands when you have met,  
The way is pity, Margaret.

## CHIVALRY

I DREAMED I saw that ancient Irish queen,  
Who from her dun, as dawn had opened wide,  
Saw the tall foemen rise on every side,  
And gazed with kindling eye upon the scene,  
And in delight cried, "Noble is their mien."  
"Most kingly are they," her own host replied,  
Praising the beauty, bravery, and pride  
As if the foe their very kin had been.  
And then I heard the innumerable hiss  
Of human adders, nation with poisonous breath  
Spitting at nation, as if the dragon rage  
Would claw the spirit, and I woke at this,  
Knowing the soul of man was sick to death  
And I was weeping in the Iron Age.

## SHADOWS AND LIGHTS

WHAT gods have met in conflict to arouse  
This whirling shadow of invisible things,  
These hosts that writhe amid the shattered  
sods ?

O Father, and O Mother of the Gods,  
Is there some trouble in the heavenly house ?  
We who are captained by its unseen kings  
Wonder what thrones are shaken in the skies,  
What powers who held dominion o'er our  
will  
Let fall the sceptre, and what destinies  
The younger gods may drive us to fulfil.

Have they not swayed us, earth's invisible  
lords,  
With whispers and with breathings from the  
dark ?  
The very border-stones of nations mark  
Where silence swallowed some wild prophet's  
words  
That rang but for an instant and were still,  
Yet were so burthened with eternity,

They maddened all who heard to work their  
will,

To raise the lofty temple on the hill.

And many a glittering thicket of keen swords  
Flashed out to make one law for land and sea,  
That earth might move with heaven in company.

The cities that to myriad beauty grew  
Were altars raised unto old gods who died,  
And they were sacrificed in ruins to  
The younger gods who took their place of  
pride ;

They have no brotherhood, the deified,  
No high companionship of throne by throne,  
But will their beauty still to be alone.

What is a nation but a multitude  
United by some god-begotten mood,  
Some hope of liberty or dream of power  
That have not with each other brotherhood  
But warred in spirit from their natal hour,  
Their hatred god-begotten as their love  
Reverberations of eternal strife?  
For all that fury breathed in human life,  
Are ye not guilty, answer, ye above ?

Ah, no, the circle of the heavenly ones,  
That ring of burning, grave, inflexible powers,  
Array in harmony amid the deep  
The golden legionaries of the suns,

That through their day from dawn to twilight  
keep

The peace of heaven, and have no feuds like  
ours,

The Morning Stars their labours of the dawn  
Close at the advent of the Solar Kings,  
And these with joy their sceptres yield, with-  
drawn

When the still Evening Stars begin their reign,  
And twilight time is thrilled with homing  
wings

To the All-Father Being turned again.

No, not on high begin divergent ways,  
The galaxies of interlinked lights  
Rejoicing on each other's beauty gaze,  
'Tis we who do make errant all the rays  
That stream upon us from the astral heights,  
Love in our thickened air too redly burns ;  
And unto vanity our beauty turns ;  
Wisdom, that gently whispers us to part  
From evil, swells to hatred in the heart.  
Dark is the shadow of invisible things  
On us who look not up, whose vision fails.  
The glorious shining of the heavenly kings  
To mould us to their image naught avails.  
They weave a robe of many-coloured fire  
To garb the spirits moving in the deep,  
And in the upper air its splendours keep  
Pure and unsullied, but below it trails  
Darkling and glimmering in our earthly mire.

Our eyes are ever earthward. We are swayed  
But by the shadows of invisible light,  
And shadow against shadow is arrayed  
So that one dark may dominate the night.  
Though kinsmen are the lights that cast the  
    shade,  
We look not up, nor see how, side by side,  
The high originals of all our pride  
In crowned and sceptred brotherhood are  
    throned,  
Compassionate of our blindness and our hate  
That own the godship but the love disowned.  
Ah, let us for a little while abate  
The outward roving eye, and seek within  
Where spirit unto spirit is allied ;  
There, in our inmost being, we may win  
The joyful vision of the heavenly wise  
To see the beauty in each other's eyes.

## APOCALYPTIC

1915

OUR world beyond a year of dread  
Has paled like Babylon or Rome.  
Never for all the blood was shed  
Shall life return to it as home.  
No peace shall e'er that dream recall ;  
The avalanche is yet to fall.

Laugh, you whose dreams were outlawed  
things.  
The sceptre from the tyrant slips.  
Earth's kings are met by those wild kings  
Who swept through the Apocalypse.  
Ere the first awful hand be stayed,  
The second shall have clutched the blade.

On the white horse is one who rides  
Until earth's empires are o'erthrown,  
And a red rider yet abides  
Whose trumpet call is still unblown,  
Whose battlefield shall be the grave  
Either for master or for slave.

Once in a zodiac of years  
Earth stirs beneath her heaving crust,  
And high and low, unheeding tears,  
Are equal levelled with the dust.  
Laugh, slave, the coming terror brings  
Thee to that brotherhood with kings.

Laugh too, you warriors of God,  
The tyrants of the spirit fail.  
The mitred head shall no more nod  
And multitudes of men be pale.  
When empires topple here below  
The heavens which are their shadows go.

If the black horse's rider reign,  
Or the pale horse's rider fire  
His burning arrows, with disdain  
Laugh. You have come to your desire,  
To the last test which yields the right  
To walk amid the halls of light.

You, who have made of earth your star,  
Cry out, indeed, for hopes made vain :  
For only those can laugh who are  
The strong Initiates of Pain,  
Who know that mighty god to be  
Sculptor of immortality.



## TRAGEDY

THIS, of all fates, would be the saddest end ;  
That that heroic fever, with its cry  
From Children unto Mother, " Here am I ! "  
Should lose the very faith it would defend ;  
That the high soul through passion should  
descend

To work the evil it had willed must die.  
If it won so, would that be victory,  
That tragic close ? Oh, hearken, foe or friend !  
Love, the magician, and the wizard Hate,  
Though one be like white fire and one dark  
flame,

Work the same miracle, and all are wrought  
Into the image that they contemplate.  
None ever hated in the world but came  
To every baseness of the foe he fought.

## STATESMEN

THEY tell us that they war on war. Why do  
they treat our wit with scorn?  
The dragon from the dragon seed, the breed  
was true since life was born.  
When has the lioness conceived the lamb be-  
neath her tawny side?  
When has the timid dove been born the off-  
spring of the eagle's pride?  
When Cherubim smite at their Light, oh!  
yes, we may believe this thing.  
When Eblis risen in revolt casts from its shades  
their awful king.  
We know how from the deeds men do a sudden  
blackness blinds the soul,  
How kindled by their sacrifice lights up the  
instant aureole.  
The thought, the deed, breed always true.  
Shall nations not the law obey?  
Has not the Mighty Father store within His  
Treasure House to pay?  
The noble and the base beget their kin, and  
empires ere they pass  
See their own mirrored majesty arise within  
Time's looking-glass.

The pride that builded Babylon of Egypt was  
the mighty child :

The beauty of the Attic soul in many a lovely  
city smiled.

The empire that is built in pride shall call  
imperial pride to birth,

And with that shadow of itself must fight for  
empire of the earth.

Fight where ye will on earth or sea, beneath  
the wave, above the hills,

The foe ye meet is still yourselves, the blade  
ye forged the sword that kills.

## TO THE NEW GODS

You, who now wield by earthly right  
The sceptres God-conferred of old,  
Who know no law above your might,  
No sceptre higher than you hold :  
We pray you in the ancient words,  
Have pity on the people, lords !

The kings who ruled us from the skies  
For righteousness as tribute cried :  
Your wrath demands more sacrifice  
For word or deed that vexed your pride,  
Our manhood to the battle flings.  
Have mercy on us, mighty kings !

Whom shall we pray to now to give  
The daily bread for us and ours,  
For by ourselves we cannot live ?  
Hear, we beseech you, awful powers,  
For blood of kin in payment shed,  
Give us this day our daily bread !

You take the father and the son,  
The brother and the kin away.

We can but cry, "Thy will be done,"  
As to the gods of yesterday.  
When childhood is bereft of all,  
Will you be Father at its call?

The elder masters of our fate  
Proclaimed a heaven above the stars.  
You shadow forth the earthly state.  
Forgive, O iron avatars,  
Our fear the prayer "Thy kingdom come,"  
Invokes some myriad martyrdom.

Yea, you are power before our eyes ;  
The love divine we took on trust.  
What life you will we but surmise  
And recreate ourselves in dust,  
Like those too hopeless to deceive,  
Who also tremble and believe.

The King of Kings made fair the earth ;  
The feast of life was nobly set.  
The summons to that regal mirth  
We would not hear or did forget.  
Sadly He said, "Love would not win,  
The iron hand must draw them in."

Spare us, stern ministers of law,  
A little, while we do repent,  
Ere the grim state all life shall draw  
Unto the feast of punishment,  
The brotherhood that might compels,  
The deepest of the human hells.

## ICICLES

THIS fragile witchery of frost,  
This stillness in the steely sky,  
So strange, so cold, to us, the lost,  
How seems it to the King on high ?

Is He too frozen in His dream?  
So chilly seems the violet hill,  
So white the fields without a gleam  
Where writhes the iron-coloured rill,

So icy frigid is the day,  
It might be all the thought of one  
Who had long lost the heavenly way  
That leads unto the central sun.

## THE STONE AGE

### A FANCY

THE sun is sultry o'er the marble lands,  
Whose milky glimmer branched with glowing  
gold,  
Runs downward to the sea's edge, where untold  
Ages the waves with gently lapping hands  
Wash into first discoverable sands  
The jewelled margin. Round I turn and hold  
Within my gaze the shade of forests old.  
Each jagged trunk of rock, no wind moves,  
stands,  
And shafts of stony blueness sends far out  
Where twinkle starlike blossoms crystalline,  
If on their pink profusion the sun slants.  
Beneath the merry children dance and shout,  
And on me one whom beauty makes divine  
Looks with an innocent and curious glance.

## INVISIBLE KINGS

I WATCHED all day the sway of invisible kings,  
The fingers of Air that fondled the murmuring tide,  
And shaped it to jewels of spray and delicate things,  
And it yielded to Air as yields to her lover  
a bride.

I saw where the sceptre of Light was laid on  
our star,  
How colour in torrents foamed from the peak  
up on high,  
And flooded the glades, and ran through the  
forests afar,  
And the lanes were silver and golden as dawn  
passed by.

In the watches of night I felt a mightier King,  
In the silence that lies below life, invisible,  
still.  
But my thoughts that were dark were made  
gay as birds on the wing,  
As with Wind in the waters, or sceptre of  
Light on the hill.



## IN CONNEMARA

WITH eyes all untroubled she laughs as she  
    passes,  
    Bending beneath the creel with the seaweed  
    brown,  
Till evening with pearl dew dims the shining  
    grasses  
    And night lit with dreamlight enfolds the  
    sleepy town.

Then she will wander, her heart all a  
    laughter,  
    Tracking the dream star that lights the  
    purple gloom.  
She follows the proud and golden races after,  
    As high as theirs her spirit, as high will be  
    her doom.

## TWILIGHT BY THE CABIN

Dusk, a pearl-grey river, o'er  
Hill and vale puts out the day—  
What do you wonder at, ashore,  
What's away in yonder grey?

Dark the eyes that linger long—  
Dream-fed heart, awake, come in,  
Warm the hearth and gay the song :  
Love with tender words would win

Fades the eve in dreamy fire,  
But the heart of night is lit :  
Ancient beauty, old desire,  
By the cabin doorway flit.

This is Etain's land and line,  
And the homespun cannot hide  
Kinship with a race divine,  
Thrill of rapture, light of pride.

There her golden kinsmen are :  
And her heart a moment knew  
Angus like the evening star  
Fleeting through the dusk and dew.

Throw the woman's mask away :  
Wear the opal glimmering dress ;  
Let the feathered starlight ray  
Over every gleaming tress.

Child of Etain, wherefore leave  
Light and laughter, joyful years,  
For the earth's grey coloured eve  
Ever dropping down with tears ?

Was it for some love of old ?  
Ah, reveal thyself. The bars  
On the gateway would not hold :  
He will follow to the stars.

## KINSHIP

IN summer time, with high imaginings  
Of proud Crusaders and of Paynim kings,  
The children crowned themselves with famous  
names,  
And fought there, building up their merry  
games,  
Their mimic war, from old majestic things.

There was no bitter hate then in the  
fight,  
For ancient law ruled victory and flight,  
And, victory and defeat alike forgot,  
They slept together in the selfsame cot,  
With arms about each other through the  
night.

Ah, did our greatest on the battle-field  
See such a love, all magical, revealed,  
Pausing in combat ? did they recognise  
Kinships in Tirnanoge through flashing  
eyes,  
What lovely brotherhood the foe concealed ?

And did they know, when all fierce wars were  
done,

To what high home or dun their feet would  
run?

What outstretched love would meet them at  
the gate?

And that the end of the long road of hate  
Was adoration when the goal was won?

Could you and I but of each other say  
From what a lordly House we took our way,  
And to what Hostel of the Gods we wend,  
Oh would we not anticipate the end?  
Oh would we not have paradise to-day?

## THE JOY OF EARTH

OH, the sudden wings arising from the  
ploughed fields brown  
Showered aloft in spray of song the wild-  
bird twitter floats  
O'er the unseen fount awhile, and then comes  
dropping down  
Nigh the cool brown earth to hush en-  
raptured notes.

Far within a dome of trembling opal throbs  
the fire,  
Mistily its rain of diamond lances shed below  
Touches eyes and brows and faces lit with  
wild desire  
For the burning silence whither we would go.

Heart, be young ; once more it is the ancient  
joy of earth  
Breathes in thee and flings the wild wings  
sunward to the dome  
To the light where all the children of the  
fire had birth  
Though our hearts and footsteps wander  
far from home.

## THE IRON AGE

How came this pigmy rabble spun,  
After the gods and kings of old,  
Upon a tapestry begun  
With threads of silver and of gold ?  
In heaven began the heroic tale  
What meaner destinies prevail !

They wove about the antique brow  
A circlet of the heavenly air.  
To whom is due such reverence now,  
The thought "What deity is there" ?  
We choose the chieftains of our race  
From hucksters in the market place.

When in their councils over all  
Men set the power that sells and buys,  
Be sure the price of life will fall,  
Death be more precious in our eyes.  
Have all the gods their cycles run ?  
Has devil worship now begun ?

O whether devil planned or no,  
Life here is ambushed, this our fate,

That road to anarchy doth go,  
This to the grim mechanic state.  
The gates of hell are open wide,  
But lead to other hells outside.

How has the fire Promethean paled?  
Who is there now who wills or dares  
Follow the fearless chiefs who sailed,  
Celestial adventurers,  
Who charted in undreamt of skies  
The magic zones of paradise?

Mankind that sought to be god-kind,  
To wield the sceptre, wear the crown,  
What made it wormlike in its mind?  
Who bade it lay the sceptre down?  
Was it through any speech of thee,  
Misunderstood of Galilee?

The whip was cracked in Babylon  
That slaves unto the gods might raise  
The golden turrets nigh the sun.  
Yet beggars from the dust might gaze  
Upon the mighty builders' art  
And be of proud uplifted heart.

We now are servile to the mean  
Who once were slaves unto the proud.  
No lordlier life on earth has been  
Although the heart be lowlier bowed.  
Is there an iron age to be  
With beauty but a memory?



Send forth, who promised long ago,  
"I will not leave thee or forsake,"  
Someone to whom our hearts may flow  
With adoration, though we make  
The crucifixion be the sign,  
The meed of all the kingly line.

The morning stars were heard to sing  
When man towered golden in the prime.  
One equal memory let us bring  
Before we face our night in time.  
Grant us one only evening star,  
The iron age's avatar.

## AGE AND YOUTH

WE have left our youth behind :  
Earth is in its baby years :  
Void of wisdom cries the wind,  
And the sunlight knows no tears.

When shall twilight feel the awe,  
All the rapt thought of the sage,  
And the lips of wind give law  
Drawn from out their lore of age ?

When shall earth begin to burn  
With such love as thrills my breast ?  
When shall we together turn  
To our long, long home for rest ?

Child and father, we grow old  
While you laugh and play with flowers ;  
And life's tale for us is told  
Holding only empty hours.

Giant child, on you await  
All the hopes and fears of men  
In thy fulness is our fate—  
What till then, oh, what till then ?

## THE PARTING OF WAYS

THE skies from black to pearly grey  
Had veered without a star or sun ;  
Only a burning opal ray  
Fell on your brow when all was done.

Aye, after victory, the crown ;  
Yet through the fight no word of cheer ;  
And what would win and what go down  
No word could help, no light make clear.

A thousand ages onward led  
Their joys and sorrows to that hour ;  
No wisdom weighed, no word was said,  
For only what we were had power.

There was no tender leaning there  
Of brow to brow in loving mood ;  
For we were rapt apart, and were  
In elemental solitude.

We knew not in redeeming day  
Whether our spirits would be found  
Floating along the starry way,  
Or in the earthly vapours drowned.

Brought by the sunrise-coloured flame  
To earth, uncertain yet, the while  
I looked at you, there slowly came,  
Noble and sisterly, your smile.

We bade adieu to love the old ;  
We heard another lover then,  
Whose forms are myriad and untold,  
Sigh to us from the hearts of men.

## HOPE IN FAILURE

THOUGH now thou hast failed and art fallen,  
    despair not because of defeat,  
Though lost for a while be thy heaven and  
    weary of earth be thy feet,  
For all will be beauty about thee hereafter  
    through sorrowful years,  
And lovely the dews for thy chilling and  
    ruby thy heart-drip of tears.

The eyes that had gazed from afar on a  
    beauty that blinded the eyes  
Shall call forth its image for ever, its shadow  
    in alien skies.  
The heart that had striven to beat in the  
    heart of the Mighty too soon  
Shall still of that beating remember some  
    errant and faltering tune.

For thou hast but fallen to gather the last of  
    the secrets of power ;  
The beauty that breathes in thy spirit shall  
    shape of thy sorrow a flower,

The pale bud of pity shall open the bloom of  
its tenderest rays,  
The heart of whose shining is bright with the  
light of the Ancient of Days.

## FAITH

HERE where the loves of others close  
The vision of my heart begins.  
The wisdom that within us grows  
Is absolution for our sins.

We took forbidden fruit and ate  
Far in the garden of His mind.  
The ancient prophecies of hate  
We proved untrue, for He was kind.

He does not love the bended knees,  
The soul made wormlike in His sight,  
Within whose heaven are hierarchies  
And solar kings and lords of light.

Who come before Him with the pride  
The Children of the King should bear,  
They will not be by Him denied,  
His light will make their darkness fair.

To be afar from Him is death  
Yet all things find their fount in Him :  
And nearing to the sunrise breath  
Shine jewelled like the seraphim.

## A MIDNIGHT MEDITATION

How often have I said,  
"We may not grieve for the immortal  
dead."

And now, poor blenchèd heart,  
Thy ruddy hues all tremulous depart.  
Why be with fate at strife  
Because one passes on from death to life,  
Who may no more delay  
Rapt from our strange and pitiful dream  
away

By one with ancient claim  
Who robes her with the spirit like a flame.  
Not lost this high belief—  
Oh, passionate heart, what is thy cause for  
grief?

Is this thy sorrow now,  
She in eternal beauty may not bow  
Thy troubles to efface  
As in old time a head with gentle grace  
All tenderly laid by thine  
Taught thee the nearness of the love divine.  
Her joys no more for thee  
Than the impartial laughter of the sea,



Her beauty no more fair  
For thee alone, but starry, everywhere.  
Her pity dropped for you  
No more than heaven above with healing  
dew

Favours one home of men—  
Ah ! grieve not ; she becomes herself again,  
And passed beyond thy sight  
She roams along the thought-swept fields of  
light,  
Moving in dreams until  
She finds again the root of ancient will,  
The old heroic love  
That emptied once the heavenly courts above.  
The angels heard from earth  
A mournful cry which shattered all their  
mirth,

Raised by a senseless rout  
Warring in chaos with discordant shout,  
And that the pain might cease  
They grew rebellious in the Master's peace ;  
And falling downward then  
The angelic lights were crucified in men ;  
Leaving so radiant spheres  
For earth's dim twilight ever wet with tears  
That through those shadows dim  
Might breathe the lovely music brought from  
Him.

And now my grief I see  
Was but that ancient shadow part of me  
Not yet attuned to good,

278 A MIDNIGHT MEDITATION

Still blind and senseless in its warring mood,  
I turn from it and climb  
To the heroic spirit of the prime,  
The light that well foreknew  
All the dark ways that it must journey  
through.

Yet seeing still a gain,  
A distant glory o'er the hills of pain,  
Through all that chaos wild  
A breath as gentle as a little child,  
Through earth transformed, divine,  
The Christ-soul of the universe to shine.

## ENDURANCE

HE bent above : so still her breath  
What air she breathed he could not say,  
Whether in worlds of life or death :  
So softly ebb'd away, away,  
The life that had been light to him,  
So fled her beauty leaving dim  
The emptying chambers of his heart  
Thrilled only by the pang and smart,  
The dull and throbbing agony  
That suffers still, yet knows not why.  
Love's immortality so blind  
Dreams that all things with it conjoined  
Must share with it immortal day :  
But not of this—but not of this—  
The touch, the eyes, the laugh, the kiss,  
Fall from it and it goes its way.  
So blind he wept above her clay,  
“I did not think that you could die.  
Only some veil would cover you  
Our loving eyes could still pierce through ;  
And see through dusky shadows still  
Move as of old your wild sweet will,

Impatient every heart to win  
And flash its heavenly radiance in.”  
Though all the worlds were sunk in rest  
The ruddy star within his breast  
Would croon its tale of ancient pain,  
Its sorrow that would never wane,  
Its memory of the days of yore  
Moulded in beauty evermore.  
Ah, immortality so blind,  
To dream all things with it conjoined  
Must follow it from star to star  
And share with it immortal years.  
The memory, yearning, grief, and tears,  
Fall from it and it goes afar.  
He walked at night along the sands,  
He saw the stars dance overhead,  
He had no memory of the dead,  
But lifted up exultant hands  
To hail the future like a boy,  
The myriad paths his feet might press.  
Unhaunted by old tenderness  
He felt an inner secret joy—  
A spirit of unfettered will  
Through light and darkness moving still  
Within the All to find its own,  
To be immortal and alone.

## DESTINY

LIKE winds or waters were her ways :  
The flowing tides, the airy streams,  
Are troubled not by any dreams ;  
They know the circle of their days.

Like winds or waters were her ways :  
They heed not immemorial cries ;  
They move to their high destinies  
Beyond the little voice that prays.

She passed into her secret goal,  
And left behind a soul that trod  
In darkness, knowing not of God,  
But craving for its sister soul.

## WHEN

WHEN mine hour is come  
Let no teardrop fall  
And no darkness hover  
Round me where I lie.  
Let the vastness call  
One who was its lover,  
Let me breathe the sky.

Where the lordly light  
Walks along the world,  
And its silent tread  
Leaves the grasses bright,  
Leaves the flowers uncurled,  
Let me to the dead  
Breathe a gay goodnight.

## TRANSFORMATIONS

WHAT miracle was it that made this grey  
Rathgar  
Seem holy earth, a leaping-place from star to  
star ?  
I know I strode along grey streets discon-  
solate,  
Seeing nowhere a glimmer of the Glittering  
Gate,  
My vision baffled amid many dreams, for  
still  
The airy walls rose up in fabulous hill on  
hill.  
The stars were fortresses upon the dizzy  
slope  
And one and all were unassailable by hope.  
And then I turned and looked beyond high  
Terenure  
Where the last jewel breath of twilight  
floated pure,  
As if god Angus there, with his enchanted  
lyre,  
Sat swaying his bright body and hair of misty  
fire,

And smote the slumber-string within the  
    heavenly house  
That eve might lay upon the earth her tender  
    brows,  
Her moth-dim tresses, and lip's invisible  
    bloom,  
And eye's light shadowed under eyelids of  
    the gloom,  
Till all that dark divine pure being, breast to  
    breast,  
Lay cool upon the sleepy isle from east to  
    west.  
Then I took thought remembering many a  
    famous tale  
Told of those heavenly adventurers the  
    Gael,  
Ere to a far-brought alien worship they  
    inclined,  
And that its sorceries had left them shorn  
    and blind,  
Crownless and sceptreless, while yet their  
    magic might  
Could bow the lordly pillars of the day and  
    night,  
And topple in one golden wreckage stars and  
    sun,  
And mix their precious fires till heaven and  
    earth were one.  
Then god and hero mingled, and the veil  
    was rent  
That hid the fairy turrets in the firmament,



The lofty god-uplifted cities that flash on  
high  
Dense with the silver-radiant deities of sky,  
And the gay populace that under ocean bide  
Unknowing of the flowing of the ponderous  
tide,  
And worlds where Time is full, where all  
with one accord  
Turn the flushed beauty of their faces to the  
Lord,  
Where the last ecstasy lights up each hill and  
glade  
And love is not remembered between man  
and maid,  
For lips laugh there at beauty the heart  
imagineth,  
And feet dance there at the holy Bridal of  
Love and Death.  
And as, with heart upborne and speedier  
footsteps, I  
Strode on my way, that twilight-burnished  
sky  
Seemed to heave up as from a mystic fountain  
thrown.  
And world on world those magic voyagers had  
known  
Glowed in the vast with burning hill and  
glittering stream,  
And all their shining folk, till earth was as a  
dream,  
A memory fleeting moth-like in the light to be

Scorched by the fiery Dreamer of Eternity.  
And the bright host swept by me like a  
    blazing wind  
O'er the dark churches where the blind  
    mislead the blind.

## TRAGEDY

A MAN went forth one day at eve :  
The long day's toil for him was done :  
The eye that scanned the page could leave  
Its task until to-morrow's sun.

Upon the threshold where he stood  
Flared on his tired eyes the sight,  
Where host on host the multitude  
Burned fiercely in the dusky night.

The starry lights at play—at play—  
The giant children of the blue,  
Heaped scorn upon his trembling clay  
And with their laughter pierced him through.

They seemed to say in scorn of him  
“The power we have was once in thee.  
King, is thy spirit grown so dim,  
That thou art slave and we are free?”

As out of him the power—the power—  
The free—the fearless, whirled in play,  
He knew himself that bitter hour  
The close of all his royal day.

And from the stars' exultant dance  
Within the fiery furnace glow,  
Exile of all the vast expanse,  
He turned him homeward sick and slow.

## THE EVERLASTING BATTLE

WHEN in my shadowy hours I pierce the  
hidden heart of hopes and fears,  
They change into immortal joys or end in  
immemorial tears.

Moytura's battle still endures and in this  
human heart of mine  
The golden sun powers with the might of  
demon darkness intertwine.

I think that every teardrop shed still flows  
from Balor's eye of doom,  
And gazing on his ageless grief my heart is  
filled with ageless gloom :  
I close my ever-weary eyes and in my bitter  
spirit brood  
And am at one in vast despair with all the  
demon multitude.

But, in the lightning flash of hope I feel the  
sungod's fiery sling  
Has smote the horror in the heart where  
clouds of demon glooms take wing,

290 THE EVERLASTING BATTLE

I shake my heavy fears aside and seize the  
flaming sword of will,  
I am of Dana's race divine and know I am  
immortal still.

## IN MEMORIAM

POOR little child, my pretty boy,  
Why did the hunter mark thee out ?  
Wert thou betrayed by thine own joy ?  
Singled through childhood's merry shout ?

And who on such a gentle thing  
Let slip the Hound that none may bar,  
That shall o'ertake the swiftest wing  
And tear the heavens down star by star ?

And borne away unto the night,  
What comfort in the vasty hall ?  
Can That which towers from depth to height  
Melt in Its mood majestic,

And laugh with thee as child to child ?  
Or shall the gay light in thine eyes  
Drop stricken there before the piled  
Immutable immensities ?

Or shall the Heavenly Wizard turn  
Thy frailty to might in Him,  
And make my laughing elf to burn  
Comrade of crested cherubim ?

The obscure vale emits no sound,  
No sight, the chase has hurried far :  
The Quarry and the phantom Hound,  
Where are they now ? Beyond what star ?



## MOMENTARY

THE sweetest song was ever sung  
May soothe you but a little while :  
The gayest music ever rung  
Shall yield you but a fleeting smile.

The well I digged you soon shall pass :  
You may but rest with me an hour :  
Yet drink, I offer you the glass,  
A moment of sustaining power,

And give to you, if it be gain,  
Whether in pleasure or annoy,  
To see one elemental pain,  
One light of everlasting joy.

## UNITY

ONE thing in all things have I seen :  
One thought has haunted earth and air :  
Clangour and silence both have been  
Its palace chambers. Everywhere

I saw the mystic vision flow  
And live in men and woods and streams,  
Until I could no longer know  
The dream of life from my own dreams.

Sometimes it rose like fire in me  
Within the depths of my own mind,  
And spreading to infinity,  
It took the voices of the wind :

It scrawled the human mystery—  
Dim heraldry—on light and air ;  
Wavering along the starry sea  
I saw the flying vision there.

Each fire that in God's temple lit  
Burns fierce before the inner shrine,  
Dimmed as my fire grew near to it  
And darkened at the light of mine.

At last, at last, the meaning caught—  
The spirit wears its diadem ;  
It shakes its wondrous plumes of thought  
And trails the stars along with them.

## CONTENT

Who are exiles? As for me  
Where beneath the diamond dome  
Lies the light on hill or tree,  
There my palace is and home.

Who are lonely lacking care?  
Here the winds are living, press  
Close on bosom, lips and hair—  
Well I know their soft caress.

Sad or fain no more to live?  
I have pressed the lips of pain;  
With the kisses lovers give,  
Ransomed ancient joys again.

Captive? See what stars give light  
In the hidden heart of clay:  
At their radiance dark and bright  
Fades the dreamy king of day.

Night and day no more eclipse  
Friendly eyes that on us shine,  
Speech from old familiar lips  
Playmates of a youth divine.

Come away, O, come away ;  
We will quench the heart's desire  
Past the gateways of the day  
In the rapture of the fire.

## RECONCILIATION

I BEGIN through the grass once again to be  
bound to the Lord ;

I can see, through a face that has faded,  
the face full of rest

Of the earth, of the mother, my heart with  
her heart in accord,

As I lie 'mid the cool green tresses that  
mantle her breast

I begin with the grass once again to be bound  
to the Lord.

By the hand of a child I am led to the throne  
of the King

For a touch that now fevers me not is for-  
gotten and far,

And His infinite sceptred hands that sway us  
can bring

Me in dreams from the laugh of a child to  
the song of a star.

On the laugh of a child I am borne to the  
joy of the King.

# VOICES OF THE STONES





## TO PADRAIC COLUM

*I MADE these verses in a rocky land,  
And I have named them Voices of the Stones,  
Although they do not keep that innocence  
Was shed on me when quiet made me kin  
To the cold immobile herd. All things have  
changed  
From primal nature save these stones: all things  
Since Eden, bird and beast and fin, have  
strayed  
Far from that shining garden of His thought:  
We also. Only the humble stones have kept  
Their morning starriness of purity  
Immutable. Being unfallen they breathe  
Only unfallen life; and with my cheek  
Pressed to their roughness I had part regained  
My morning starriness, and made these songs  
Half from the hidden world and half from this.*



## OUTCAST

SOMETIMES when alone  
At the dark close of day,  
Men meet an outlawed majesty  
And hurry away.

They come to the lighted house;  
They talk to their dear;  
They crucify the mystery  
With words of good cheer.

When love and life are over,  
And flight's at an end,  
On the outcast majesty  
They lean as a friend.

## EXILES

THE gods have taken alien shapes upon  
    them,  
Wild peasants driving swine  
In a strange country. Through the swarthy  
    faces  
The starry faces shine.

Under grey tattered skies they strain and  
    reel there:  
Yet cannot all disguise  
The majesty of fallen gods, the beauty,  
The fire beneath their eyes.

They huddle at night within low, clay-built  
    cabins;  
And, to themselves unknown,  
They carry with them diadem and sceptre  
And move from throne to throne.

## ARTISTRY

To bring this loveliness to be,  
Even for an hour, the Builder must  
Have wrought in the laboratory  
Of many a star for its sweet dust.

Oh, to make possible that heart  
And that gay breath so lightly sighed:  
What agony was in the art!  
How many gods were crucified!

## MUTINY

THAT blazing galleon the sun,  
This dusky coracle I ride,  
Both under secret orders sail,  
And swim upon the selfsame tide.

The fleet of stars, my boat of soul,  
By perilous magic mountains pass,  
Or lie where no horizons gleam  
Fainting upon a sea of glass.

Come, break the seals and tell us now  
Upon what enterprise we roam:  
To storm what city of the gods,  
Or—sail for the green fields of home!

## JEALOUSY

YOUTH met within a garden,  
And youth to youth revealed  
Time's loveliest hidden secrets,  
Things that were dead and sealed:

What domes of ivory wonder  
Rose in the golden race:  
What heavens were fabled o'er them—  
For some face like this face.

Youth roamed by shore and mountain  
And its new wisdom told:  
But earth and sea were silent,  
Their lovely faces cold.

## A HOLY HILL

BE still: be still: nor dare  
Unpack what you have brought,  
Nor loosen on this air  
Red gnomes of your thought.

Uncover: bend the head  
And let the feet be bare;  
This air that thou breathest  
Is holy air.

Sin not against the Breath,  
Using ethereal fire  
To make seem as faery  
A wanton desire.

Know that this granite height  
May be a judgement throne,  
Dread thou the unmoveable will,  
The wrath of stone.



## TIME

At every heart-beat  
Through the magic day  
A lovely laughing creature  
Ran away.  
Where have they wandered,  
The flock so gay?

I had but looked on them  
And away they ran,  
The exquisite lips untouched.  
As they began  
To part, Time swept them  
On his caravan.

These new-born beauties  
The tyrant took.  
Their gaze was on mine  
And mine forsook.  
I could not stay even  
One lovely look.

In what fold are they?  
Could I pursue

Through the Everliving  
And know anew  
All those golden motions  
That were you?

Were beauty only  
A day the same,  
We could know the Maker  
And name His name.  
We would know the substance  
Was holy flame.

Is there an oasis  
Where Time stands still,  
Where the fugitive beauty  
Stays as we will?  
Is there an oasis  
Where Time stands still?

## SURVIVAL

WHAT pent-up fury in those arms,  
Red gilded by the sun's last breath!  
The spade along the ridges runs  
As if it had a race with death.

The clods fly right: the clods fly left:  
The ridges rise on either side,  
The tireless fury is not spent,  
Though the fierce sunset long has died.

The strength which tossed the hills on high,  
And rent the stormy seas apart,  
Is still within those mighty limbs,  
Still stirs the dreams of that wild heart.

## RESURRECTION

Not by me these feet were led  
To the path beside the wave,  
Where the naiad lilies shed  
Moonfire o'er a lonely grave.

Let the dragons of the past  
In their caverns sleeping lie.  
I am dream-betrayed, and cast  
Into that old agony.

And an anguish of desire  
Burns as in the sunken years,  
And the soul sheds drops of fire  
All unquenchable by tears.

I, who sought on high for calm,  
In the Everliving find  
All I was in what I am,  
Fierce with gentle intertwined;

Hearts which I had crucified  
With my heart that tortured them;  
Penitence, unfallen pride—  
These my thorny diadem!

Thou would'st ease in heaven thy pain,  
Oh, thou fiery, bleeding thing!  
All thy wounds will wake again  
At the heaving of a wing.

All thy dead with thee shall rise,  
*Dies Irae.* If the soul  
To the Everliving flies,  
There shall meet it at the goal

Love that Time had overlaid,  
Deaths that we again must die—  
Let the dragons we have made  
In their caverns sleeping lie.

## FORLORN

My wisdom crumbles.  
I am as a lone child.  
Oh, had I the heart now  
My weeping were wild.

My palace dwindles  
Thin into air:  
The Ancient Darkness  
Is everywhere:

But the heart is gone  
That could understand,  
And the child is dead  
That had taken Its hand.

## RESCUE

How deep the night about that soul!  
How fast the manacles! I brood  
And recreate in my own heart  
Its agony of solitude.

Have golden lips breathed in that dark?  
And was the breath as vainly blown  
As yon frail wind that trembles on  
This mammoth herd of brutish stone?

A kinsman of the cherubim  
Chained in this pit's abysmal mire!  
Sound for the rescue! Bugles, blow!  
Gird on the armoury of fire!

## TRANSIENCE

WHY does my fancy soon forsake  
All that is perfect to the eye,  
The ruffled silver of the lake,  
The silent silver of the sky,  
Its single star that is so shy,  
That trembles like a golden fawn  
Strayed from the blue and shadowy wood  
Of night upon the twilight lawn:  
Why is the heart so soon withdrawn?  
Even on earth's last lovely brood  
Of primroses it hardly dwells,  
Though myriads, a tender mist,  
Warm the pale green of chilly dells,  
The aftershine of amethyst,  
The glades of midnight overhead,  
Where browse the flocks the fawn has led,  
All glimmering, till they are laid  
Folden in light which is their shade—  
Did ever earth from its first prime  
Move to a lovelier dance than this?  
But yet I cannot keep in chime.  
Swift as the whirling dervish is



My heart floats on a swifter tide.  
As one upon a hurrying stream  
Sees towers and forests as in dream  
Drift by him upon either side,  
So do I see, and then I fly  
From these to that they prophesy.

It is not that my heart is cold  
To beauty, for my pulses beat  
As bloom and odour jet their sweet  
From tiny fountains in the mould,  
And many rainbow trumpets blow;  
But still my heart divines from these  
How near are the Hesperides,  
How rich to have this overflow  
From sacred earth through common clay:  
And all my being yearns to run,  
To tread the meadows of the sun  
And bask in that enchanted day.

The suns that rise, the suns that set,  
Time's tidal waves of blue and gold  
That roll from far ethereal seas,  
Hill-land and forest, starlit pool,  
Are images we soon forget,  
And swiftest when most beautiful.  
For when most beautiful we feel  
That there is something they reveal,  
Some lordlier being of their kind;  
And beauty only meaneth this  
And to the symbol we are blind.

The gifts that fortune brings, the kiss,  
The lovely life, the heart unveiled,  
Are images of heights unscaled.  
And we adore while to our thought  
Being with symbol seems enwrought,  
Yet if we would the rapture stay,  
The spirit is the open door  
Through which the prisoner steals away.  
Maybe there is a native shore  
For us, for it, where we may find  
A beauty stedfast to the mind,  
Joy that will not so lightly stray  
To join the maskers in the dance,  
Eternity with Time at play.

## A MOUNTAIN WIND

THE cold limbs of the air  
Brush by me on the hill,  
Climb to the utmost crag,  
Leap out, then all is still.

Ah, but what high intent  
In the cold will of wind;  
What sceptre would it grasp  
To leave these dreams behind!

Trail of celestial things:  
White centaurs, winged in flight,  
Through the fired heart sweep on,  
A hurricane of light.

I have no plumes for air:  
Earth hugs to it my bones.  
Leave me, O sky-born powers,  
Brother to grass and stones.

## PROMISE

BE not so desolate  
Because thy dreams have flown  
And the hall of the heart is empty  
And silent as stone,  
As age left by children  
Sad and alone.

Those delicate children,  
Thy dreams, still endure:  
All pure and lovely things  
Wend to the Pure.  
Sigh not: unto the fold  
Their way was sure.

Thy gentlest dreams, thy frailest,  
Even those that were  
Born and lost in a heart-beat,  
Shall meet thee there.  
They are become immortal  
In shining air.

The unattainable beauty  
The thought of which was pain,

That flickered in eyes and on lips  
And vanished again:  
That fugitive beauty  
Thou shalt attain.

The lights innumerable  
That led thee on and on,  
The Masque of Time ended,  
Shall glow into one.  
It shall be with thee for ever  
Thy travel done.

## ABUNDANCE

LIKE grey mastodon  
    Upon the mountain side  
Rocks lay as if to guard  
    Its austere pride.

All stone unto the eye:  
    Yet is the heart at rest  
As babe happed in cradle  
    Or on the breast.

All that earth is,  
    Mountain or solitude,  
Was born out of pity  
    And is milk for her brood.

## ANCIENT

THE sky is cold as pearl  
Over a milk-white land.  
The snow seems older than Time,  
Though it fell through a dreaming, and  
Will vanish itself as a dream  
At the dimmest touch of a hand.

Out of a timeless world  
Shadows fall upon Time,  
From a beauty older than earth  
A ladder the soul may climb.  
I climb by the phantom stair  
To a whiteness older than Time.

## NATURAL MAGIC

FROM whence has flown this argosy of air  
That o'er the forest dropped its merchandise,  
Spilling a fire so rich, a wine so rare?  
Through the long glade from russet floor to  
skies

Darkness and fire are revellers everywhere.  
The leaves like gold and emerald butterflies  
With myriad quiverings roof the forest  
glade.

        Around me where I lie  
The orange flames race through the tattered  
shade

        Dazzling the downcast eye.

Downcast the eye; but not the heart within;  
The aerial wine delights: the unblinding fire  
Opens the ways, far past the leafy din  
And revelry of light; by what desire  
Borne onward through invisible gates to win  
To that high region where unto one lyre,  
Played by the Magian of the Beautiful,  
        The starry feet keep time,  
And these last hyacinths in shadows cool  
        Echo with distant rhyme.



Distant! The wizard air has breathed away  
The heaviness from earth. The sombre  
trees

To cloud change unimaginably; nay;  
To fire, to mind. Ancestral images,  
Ere that unfallen Eden had its day  
Of yet undimmed forest and flower, these  
Living and lustrous and ethereal shapes  
I see with sight unblind,  
In heavenly valleys or on glittering capes  
Glowed in the Magian's mind.

They fade: the forest flickers round me now:  
Once more the incessant birth and death of  
light  
On russet floor, green leaf and burnished  
bough  
Dazzle. Yet still the visionary sight  
Holds faintly, as these thicker airs allow,  
A magic mist of dancers pale and bright,  
A foam of golden faces from the spheres  
Beyond sun rise or set,  
With eyes that had for long forgotten tears  
Or never had been wet.

Vanished the angelic trees and beings all!  
The wood darkens: the wind has ceased to  
fan  
The glade to flame. Oh, it was magical!  
Can I recall? The blinding sunlight ran  
Over the burning hyacinth to fall

Starry upon yon water. So began  
The incantation of the light which brought  
    Rapt face and fiery wing,  
The Heaven of Heavens: a myriad marvel  
    wrought  
    And from so slight a thing!

## OLD WINE

THE boys with their golden limbs  
Shine out through the tawny glare.  
They race, and after their heels  
The shadows in purple flare.

They dance from the sand to the sea  
And shatter its blue as they pass,  
Till the tide is frothy with light  
And glimmers with bubbles like glass.

And Michael, Rory and Teige  
Are aglow with the Sun and the Wind;  
For unto their rapturous youth  
The ancient nurses are kind.

They drink the oldest of wine.  
It sparkles like fire in their clay,  
A Spirit breathed in the waters  
Ere Time had buried a day.

## ADVENTURE

THE night is still as stone.  
What wonder at its core  
Lures the hot soul, a lone  
Conquistador?

Is there a Fount of Youth,  
An Eldorado there?  
What may it find, what truth  
In hollow air?

Yet from this waste it can  
Bring back its golden hordes  
Captive, its caravan  
Of starry words.

## NIGHT WIND

I LOVE to think this fragrant air  
I breathe in the deep-bosomed night  
Has mixed with beauty, and may bear  
The burden of a heart's delight.

This may have been the burning breath  
That uttered Deirdre's love. It may  
Have been a note outlasting death  
As Sappho sang her heart away.

It may have fanned a joy so deep  
That Ilium must pay the price,  
And under desert sand must sleep  
Heroes and towers in sacrifice.

And this rich air, it may have been,—  
To bring these dreams, so sweet a throng,—  
Sighed by the lovely listening queen  
While Solomon had sung his song.

So it will take from me, from thee,  
Ere from our being it departs,  
And keep for lovers yet to be  
All the enchantment of our hearts.

## MAGNET

I HAD sweet company  
Because I sought out none,  
But took who came to me,  
All by the magnet drawn.  
I had sweet company.  
I had no dark friends but one.

They passed on and away,  
The old lure had gone.  
The partings all were gay.  
By some new magic drawn  
They went another way.  
I had no heartache but one.

Because that in my heart  
There lurked satyr or faun,  
There was one could not depart  
And one who must be gone.  
While the faun crouched in the heart  
There was one who must be gone.

## EARTH

THOUGH I leap lightly  
O'er the unmoving clay,  
It is earth is ethereal,  
Not I who run away.

Earth is a giant,  
Yet on her sapphire round  
She pads so softly  
You do not hear a sound.

Fire, typhoon, her children,  
Who fill you with awe,  
Are gentle as she is,  
Obeying sweet law.

## MIRAGE

THOSE lovely lunar faces  
By hearths to which we strayed,  
The spells around them woven  
Within the gilded shade,  
After an ancient resting place  
The images were made.

Would we have stayed our questing,  
Declined unto this lot,  
Had love and home no story  
Of the high things we sought,  
Of that great House we parted from  
And had not all forgot:

The peace as deep as being  
Passed beyond sight or sound,  
Where lover and beloved  
Are in each other drowned,  
Fulness unto the uttermost,  
A deep that has no bound.

From memories and hauntings,  
Through breathings of sweet air



On brow, in eyes and tresses,  
Was set the tender snare,  
All phantom of the deep content  
The heart imagined there.

Brief balm for all our anguish  
At that full life denied,  
Even from the noblest beauty  
Soon, soon, the wonder died.  
Who won Helen and Deirdre's love,  
Within their hearts they sighed.

## UNMEET

No, it was not our own,  
That high delight;  
It came with grass and flowers,  
As day and night,  
A breath from heavenly powers  
That still delight.

The innocents of earth,  
Her grass, her flowers,  
May mingle in the play  
Of heavenly powers,  
Who burned our life away  
In what brief hours.

## HEAVENWORLD

WHY do I see in this still light  
The Psyche of the City rise?  
Is mine own psyche plumed for air  
And shall that follow to the skies?

A Phantom trembles in the hills,  
In woodland and in waters blue,  
Whose breath is lovely in my ear,  
“Come, we will fly afar with you

“And find some island on the air  
Where we may stay our delicate fire,  
And the Gold-gleaming Genius weave  
From us thy Land of Heart’s Desire.”

## IF

If not a plume may vanish out of air,  
If all things living stand,  
But by a will, and that withheld, we were  
Less than a shifting sand—  
Where in our being has the god its hold?  
Where is the burning hand?

Where does the might that holds our frailty  
Lie hidden? Oh, somewhere  
A light shows where the hand is laid, will  
    lead  
Us by some lustrous stair  
To find the god, take the invisible hand  
And tread the starry air!

## MAGNIFICENCE

CLOISTERED amid these austere rocks,  
A brooding seer, I watched an hour,  
Close to the earth, lost to all else,  
The marvel of a tiny flower.

To build its palace walls of jade  
What myriads toiled in dark and cold:  
And what gay traders from the sun  
Brought down its sapphire and its gold!

Oh, palace of the universe!  
Oh, changing halls of day and night!  
Does the high Builder dream in thee  
With more of wonder and delight?

## SNARES

I FAINT rememb'ring all that shook my will;  
How the light outposts even of paradise  
O'ercame me with the witchery of eyes  
Or delicate magic of the lips: how still  
A motion white and fugitive can thrill  
With longings that are immortalities.  
How, if the heart to these frail enemies  
Yields, can it hope to scale the heavenly hill,  
See beauty in its fulness, or endure  
The last temptation, which is but seeing  
The gorgeous shadow of all that is its own?  
That mirrored majesty is the last lure  
To hide from it its own immortal being.  
Heaven lies between the spirit and its throne.

## THE LOST OTHERS

You set your heart on Nancy.  
You won your fancy, lad.  
But love had never taught you  
What other names she had,  
Or what gay Naiad lent her grace,  
What shining Oread.

You did not know what beauty  
Thronged in one light disguise:  
What eyes gazed out of Faery,  
What Sibyl from the Wise,  
What burning miracle her soul  
Was in its native skies.

You won your pretty Nancy;  
But she was all you had.  
The starry women vanished.  
A lonely lass and lad  
Mutely upon each other gaze  
Nor know why they are sad.

## THE SOWER

AFTER the sower with the seed  
What mightier being strides behind,  
Who from a fiery hand strews out  
The elves of life upon the wind?

And every one becomes a slave  
Labouring through earth from seed to sun,  
Till the green pillar's thick with grain  
And the long marvellous labour's done.

Ah, when the food is made for man,  
The spirits that the scythe sets free:  
Do they exult and do they fly,  
Sower of Life, again to Thee?



## CARRIERS

THOSE features that enchant you,  
Light limbs that shine like air:  
Be of one spell the master;  
The coloured wisp may bear  
Unto the Magic-Maker.  
Yea, a wisp of dream will bear.

Too rich a freight may founder.  
Imperial dreams go down.  
For light must be the galleon  
That shall not sink and drown.  
Thin is the airy ocean.  
Yea, a crumb of earth may drown.

They tell in sacred story  
One caught a wisp of dream,  
And saw in holy aether  
A shining woman gleam,  
The Usha, the Dawn Maiden;  
Yea, the beauty beyond dream.

## MOMENTARY

WHAT Wizard at twilight  
Made gay the light feet?  
What Voice in their voices  
Sounded so sweet?

Who whirled the children  
Into His dream,  
To sway with the boughs  
And curve with the stream?

One dance in one mind  
Were clouds in the air,  
The rapturous feet,  
The flicker of hair.

Too soon it was over  
The magical hour.  
They parted like leaves  
From a withering flower.

The twilight thickened:  
The moon rose pale,  
And they ran to their homes  
By the hill or the vale.

## FOR REMEMBRANCE

WE heard the accent of the King of Kings,  
And in our memory of immortal things  
We stored the prophets words. Oh, it was  
wise.

Be you remembered, gay and lovely eyes!  
Twin avatars of all that life desires,  
The pure, the unimaginable fires,  
Within the Mother's being. Oh, twin stars,  
Be you remembered as those avatars,  
The Wise revealers; for through you we see  
Life's radiance and its ceaseless ecstasy.

## A MURMUR IN THE GRASS

O PALE-LIPPED blossom  
Why do you sigh?  
“ For the many million  
Times I must die  
Ere I be as that glory  
Up in the sky.”

Your sisters with beauty  
Are satisfied.  
Is it not envy  
Dreams of such pride?  
“ No, there is nothing  
To life denied.

“ It would be unjust,  
Unjust, if we  
Could dream of a beauty  
We might not be.  
Life is becoming  
All we see.

## A MURMUR IN THE GRASS 345

“ I shall rise from the grass,  
I shall fill all the blue,  
And I shall be blossom  
And fire and dew  
In the boundlessness  
We travel through.”

## THE LONELY

LONE and forgotten  
Through a long sleeping,  
In the heart of age  
A child woke weeping.

No invisible mother  
Was nigh him there  
Laughing and nodding  
From earth and air.

No elfin comrades  
Came at his call,  
And the earth and the air  
Were blank as a wall.

The darkness thickened  
Upon him creeping,  
In the heart of age  
A child lay weeping.

## THE ETERNAL LOVERS

WHIRLED on their starry Odyssey  
From heaven to earth, in this deep glade  
The eternal lovers hold their court  
Within the heart of man and maid.

That darkness throbs with hidden fire:  
The pulse beats fast: the heavens call:  
Earth is transfigured, and the twain  
Breathe as they did before the Fall.

When King and Queen feast in the heart  
They squander all the gold of years  
To make their banquet gay, then leave  
A ruined heart, a house of tears.

## A DREAM OF DEFEATED BEAUTY

ALL day they played in gardens hid amid  
golden towers

That made the blue burn deeper above their  
world of flowers.

Within their dream-girt gardens the pools  
drank in the sky

And the light laughing figures that flamed  
or fluttered by.

There lute or harp string sounded from noon  
to eventide,

And every voice that murmured a mirror  
was to pride.

All day on light and music the young queen  
feasted deep:

Her happy heart foretelling the hour of love  
and sleep,

When he unto whose glory the earth made  
sacrifice

Would give all to make richer the dark of  
lovely eyes.

Within her palace chamber the purple  
slumbrous shade

At midnight slowly lightened where the  
young queen was laid;



And moonlight marbled over flower foam  
and jewel sheen

And carved in pearl and mystery the white  
limbs of the queen.

The young queen smiled in slumber as if  
in dream she knew

What dragons chained lay sleeping: what  
horns for battle blew:

And who would bow the genii from thrones  
of blinding fire

To send their airy children to dance at her  
desire.

The young queen paled in slumber as if she  
there had known

A majesty unbending on some unconquered  
throne.

Where had she soared in slumber? And  
who was this who came

Making the dusk all starry with plumes of  
magic flame?

Who mourned in lofty sorrow above the  
body's pride

" This Babylon that I have built " and bowed  
its head and sighed.

## MERCHANDISE OF LIGHT

WAS it not worth the farewell to the sun,  
O caravan of rays through desert space,  
To bear the image of this lovely face?  
Now hurry with the beauty you have won.  
Where shall it not be known when you have  
run

The shining leagues to your appointed place,  
And far and starry hamlets know that grace,  
So from the light new beauty may be spun?  
Marvel of animate ivory and fire!

Proud head upcast with heaven-assailing gaze  
As if for flight! Nay, nay, you need not  
wings

To reach the sky; for, elder to desire,  
Your image scatters on a million rays  
And, quivering with that beauty, aether  
sings.

## HEREAFTER

ALTHOUGH the merchant be your care  
The mart or field, do not forget—  
To leave a glory on the air  
When the red Gaelic sun has set—

Some prophet must have cried a word  
The hurrying world will pause to hear.  
Even for the unfaltering sword  
No one will hold your memory dear.

The Greece of Pericles is cold:  
Yet still there shines beyond its seas  
The wisdom Diotima told  
In the rapt ear of Socrates.

## WASTE

ALL that heroic mood,  
The will to suffer pain,  
Were it on beauty spent,  
An intellectual gain:

Had a fierce pity breathed  
O'er wronged or fallen life,  
Though strife had been unwise  
We were not shamed by strife:

Had they but died for some  
High image in the mind,  
Not spilt the sacrifice  
For words hollow as wind!

Darkened the precious fire:  
The will we honour most  
Spent in the waste! What sin  
Against the Holy Ghost!

## WATCHERS

My heart grew ice because of that grim head,  
Red sparking eyes alert for pounce or flight,  
Features miscarven by strange appetite,  
Till kinship with the Elohim was dead,  
And kestrel, snake and rat were in their  
stead,

Glaring through eyeholes that let in no light,  
Slinking through corridors made black as  
night,

The paths the heavenly hierarchies should  
tread.

A company of starry ones without  
That midnight wait on the lost wanderer,  
The hero whom these demon things immure.  
The shining ones make answer to my doubt,  
“ Our Lord is buried in this sepulchre.  
We wait His resurrection. It is sure! ”

## A PRISONER

BRIXTON, SEPTEMBER 1920

SEE, though the oil be low, more purely still  
and higher  
The flame burns in the body's lamp. The  
watchers still  
Gaze with unseeing eyes while the Prome-  
thean will,  
The Uncreated Light, the Everlasting Fire,  
Sustain themselves against the torturer's de-  
sire,  
Even as the fabled Titan chained upon the  
hill.  
Burn on, shine here, thou immortality, until  
We too can light our lamps at the funereal  
pyre;  
Till we too can be noble, unshakeable, un-  
dismayed;  
Till we too can burn with the holy flame, and  
know  
There is that within us can conquer the  
dragon pain,  
And go to death alone, slowly and unafraid.

The candles of God already are burning row  
on row:

Farewell, light-bringer; fly to thy fountain  
again.

## A LOST DREAM

THE unleashed air,  
A wild cold animal,  
Hunts on the hills.

Yet the hollow amid the rocks  
Is brimful of quiet,  
So quiet  
Faery may be heard:  
So still  
There is not a flicker  
In the candle of dream.

The warm East  
Is at my feet.  
In burning blue  
Lagoon beyond lagoon  
Faints shimmering,  
All lotus besprinkled—  
Rose lotuses!

A woman leans,  
A dream out of Allah.  
The water quivers  
In ivory ringlets



Beneath her fingers  
As she plucks the blossom she twines  
In the dark shining of her hair.

She stands;  
Stillness in ivory!  
But ere I see her eyes,  
Ere I make them mine,  
The wild cold animal  
Leaps into the hollow.  
The candle flickers and is blown;  
The paths all are darkened.  
A dream has lost its way to life.

## MICHAEL

A WIND blew by from icy hills,  
Shook with cold breath the daffodils,  
And shivered as with silver mist  
The lake's pale leaden amethyst.  
It pinched the barely budded trees  
And rent the twilight tapestries:  
Left for one hallowed instant bare  
A single star in lonely air  
O'er rocky fields the bitter wind  
Had swept of all their human kind.

Ere that the fisher folk were all  
Snug under thatch and sheltering wall,  
Breathing the cabin's air of gold,  
Safe from blue storm and nipping cold.  
And, clustered round the hearth within  
With fiery hands and burnished chin,  
They sat and listened to old tales  
Or legends of gigantic gales.  
Some told of phantom craft they knew  
That sailed with a flame-coloured crew,  
And came up strangely through the wind  
Havens invisible to find

By those rare cities poets sung  
Cresting the Islands of the Young.

How do the heights above our head,  
The depths below the water spread,  
Waken the spirit in such wise  
That to the deep the deep replies,  
And in far spaces of the soul  
The oceans stir, the heavens roll?

Michael must leave the morrow morn  
The countryside where he was born,  
And all day long had Michael clung  
Unto the kin he lived among.  
But at some talk of sea and sky  
He heard an older mother cry.  
The cabin's golden air grew dim:  
The cabin's walls drew down on him:  
The cabin's rafters hid from sight  
The cloudy roof-tree of the night.  
And Michael could not leave behind  
His kinsmen of the wave and wind  
Without farewell. The path he took  
Ran like a twisted, shining brook,  
Speckled with stones and ruts and rills,  
Mid a low valley of dark hills,  
And trees so tempest bowed that they  
Seemed to seek double root in clay.  
At last the dropping valley turned:  
A sky of murky citron burned,

Above through flying purples seen  
Lay pools of heavenly blue and green.  
From the sea rim unto the caves  
Rolled on a mammoth herd of waves.  
And all about the rocky bay  
Leaped up grey forests of wild spray,  
Glooming above the ledges brown  
Ere their pale drift came drenching down.

Things delicate and dewy clung  
To Michael's cheeks. The salt air stung.  
From crag to crag did Michael leap  
Until he overhung the deep;  
Saw in vast caves the waters roam,  
The ceaseless ecstasy of foam,  
Whirlpools of opal, lace of light  
Strewn over quivering malachite,  
Ice-tinted mounds of water rise,  
Glinting as with a million eyes,  
Reel in and out of light and shade,  
Show depths of ivory or jade,  
New broidery every instant wear  
Spun by the magic weaver, Air.  
Then Michael's gaze was turned from these  
Unto the far, rejoicing seas  
Whose twilight legions onward rolled  
A turbulence of dusky gold,  
A dim magnificence of froth,  
A thunder tone which was not wrath,  
But such a speech as earth might cry  
Unto far kinsmen in the sky.

The spray was tossed aloft in air:  
A bird was flying here and there.  
Foam, bird and twilight to the boy  
Seemed to be but a single joy.  
He closed his eyes that he might be  
Alone with all that ecstasy.

What was it unto Michael gave  
This joy, the life of earth and wave?  
Or did his candle shine so bright  
But by its own and natural light?  
Ah, who can answer for what powers  
Are with us in the secret hours!  
Though wind and wave cried out no less,  
Entranced unto forgetfulness,  
He heard no more the water's din;  
A golden ocean rocked within,  
A boat of bronze and crystal wrought  
And steered by the enchanter, Thought,  
Was flying with him fast and far  
To isles that glimmered, each a star  
Hung low upon the distant rim,  
And then the vision rushed on him.

The palaces of light were there  
With towers that faded up in air,  
With amethyst and silver spires,  
And casements lit with precious fires,  
And mythic forms with wings outspread  
And faces from which light was shed

High upon gleaming pillars set  
On turret and on parapet.  
The bells were chiming all around  
And the sweet air was drunk with sound.

Too swift did Michael pass to see  
Ildathach's mystic chivalry  
Graved on the walls, its queens and kings  
Girt round with eyes and stars and wings.  
The magic boat with Michael drew  
To some deep being that he knew,  
Some mystery that to the wise  
Is clouded o'er by Paradise,  
Some will that would not let him stay  
Hurried the boat away, away.  
At last its fiery wings were still  
Folded beneath some heavenly hill.  
But was that Michael light as air  
Was travelling up the mighty stair?  
Or had impetuous desire  
Woven for him that form of fire  
Which with no less a light did shine  
Than those with countenance divine  
Who thronged the gateway as he came,  
Faces of rapture and of flame,  
The glowing, deep, unwavering eyes  
Of those eternity makes wise.  
And lofty things to him were said  
As to one risen from the dead.

What there beyond the gate befell  
Michael could never after tell.

Imagination still would fail  
Some height too infinite to scale,  
Some being too profound to scan,  
Some time too limitless to span.  
Yet when he lifted up his eyes  
That foam was grey against the skies.  
That same wild bird was on the wing.  
That twilight wave was glimmering.  
And twilight wave and foam and bird  
Had hardly in his vision stirred  
Since he had closed his eyes to be  
Of that majestic company.

And can a second then suffice  
To hurry us to Paradise,  
What seemed so endlessly sublime  
Shrink to a particle of time?  
Why was the call on Michael made?  
What charge was on his spirit laid?  
And could the way for him be sure  
Made by excess of light obscure?  
However fiery is the dream,  
How faint in life the echoing gleam!  
And faint was all that happed that day  
As home he went his dreamy way.

And now has Michael, for his share  
Of life, the city's dingy air,  
By the black reek of chimneys smudged  
O'er the dark warehouse where he drudged,

Where for dull life men pay in toll  
Toil and the shining of the soul.  
Within his attic he would fret  
Like a wild creature in a net,  
And on the darkness he would make  
The jewel of a little lake,  
A bloom of fairy blue amid  
The bronze and purple heather hid;  
Make battlemented cliffs grow red  
Where the last rose of day was shed,  
Be later in rich darkness seen  
Against a sky of glowing green.  
Or he would climb where quiet fills  
With dream the shepherd on the hills,  
Where he could see as from high land  
The golden sickle of the sand  
Curving around the bay to where  
The granite cliffs were worn by air,  
And watch the wind and waves at play,  
The heavenly gleam of falling spray.  
The sunlit surges foam below  
In wrinklings as of liquid snow.  
And he could breathe the airs that blew  
From worlds invisible he knew.  
How far away now from the boy!  
How unassailable their joy!

So Michael would recall each place  
As lovers a remembered face.  
But, though the tender may not tire,  
Memory is but a fading fire.



And Michael's might have sunken low,  
Changed to grey ash its coloured glow,  
Did not upon his hearing fall  
The mountain speech of Donegal,  
And that he swiftly turned to greet  
The tongue whose accent was so sweet,  
And found one of that eager kind  
The army of the Gaelic mind,  
Still holding through the Iron Age  
The spiritual heritage,  
The story from the gods that ran  
Through many a cycle down to man.  
And soon with them had Michael read  
The legend of the famous dead,  
From him who with his single sword  
Stayed a great army at the ford,  
Down to the vagrant poets, those  
Who gave their hearts to the Dark Rose,  
And of the wanderers who set sail  
And found a lordlier Innisfail,  
And saw a sun that never set  
And all their hearts' desires were met.

How may the past if it be dead  
Its light within the living shed?  
Or does the Everliving hold  
Earth's memories from the Age of Gold?  
And are our dreams, ardours and fires  
But ancient unfulfilled desires?  
And do they shine within our clay  
And do they urge us on their way?

As Michael read the Gaelic scroll  
It seemed the story of the soul,  
And those who wrought, lest there should  
fail,

From earth the legend of the Gael,  
Seemed warriors of Eternal Mind,  
Still holding in a world grown blind,  
From which belief and hope had gone,  
The lovely magic of its dawn.

Thrice on the wheel of time recurred  
The season of the risen Lord  
Since Michael left his home behind  
And faced the chilly Easter wind,  
And saw the twilight waters gleam  
And dreamed an unremembered dream.  
Was it because the Easter time  
With mystic nature was in chime  
That memory was roused from sleep,  
Or was deep calling unto deep?  
The lord in man had risen here,  
From the dark sepulchre of fear,  
Was laughing, gay and undismayed,  
Though on a fragile barricade  
The bullet rang, the death star broke,  
The street waved dizzily in smoke,  
And there the fierce and lovely breath  
Of flame in the grey mist was death.

Yet Michael felt within him rise  
The rapture that is sacrifice.

What miracle was wrought on him  
So that each leaden freighted limb  
Seemed lit with fire, seemed light as air?  
How came upon him dying there  
Amid the city's burning piles  
The vision of the mystic isles?  
For underneath and through the smoke  
A glint of golden waters broke;  
And floating on that phantom tide  
With fiery wings expanded wide  
A barque of bronze and crystal wrought  
Called forth by the enchanter, Thought.  
And noble faces glowed above,  
Faces of ecstasy and love,  
And eyes whose shining calm and pure  
Was in eternity secure,  
And lofty forms of burnished air  
Stood on the deck by Michael there.  
And spirit upon spirit gazed,  
And one to Michael's lips upraised  
A cup filled from that holy well  
O'er which the Nuts of Wisdom fell,  
And as he drank there reeled away  
Vision of earth and night and day,  
And he was far away from these  
Afloat upon the heavenly seas.

I do not know if such a band  
Came from the Many Coloured Land  
Or whether in our being we  
Make such a magic phantasy

Of images which draw us hence  
Unto our own magnificence.  
Yet many a one a tryst has kept  
With the immortal while he slept,  
Woke unremembering, went his way,  
Life seemed the same from day to day,  
Till the predestined hour came,  
A hidden will leaped up in flame,  
And through its deed the risen soul  
Strides on self-conquering to the goal.

This was the dream of one who died  
For country, said his countryside.  
We choose this cause or that, but still  
The Everlasting works Its will.  
The slayer and the slain may be  
Knit in a secret harmony.  
What does the spirit urge us to?  
Some sacrifice that may undo  
The bonds that hold us to the clay  
And limit life to this cold day?  
Some for a gentle dream will die:  
Some for an empire's majesty:  
Some for a loftier humankind,  
Some to be free as cloud or wind,  
Will leave their valley, climb their slope.  
Whate'er the deed, whate'er the hope,  
Through all the varied battle-cries  
A Shepherd with a single voice  
Still lures us nigh the Gates of Gold  
That open to the Starry Fold.

So it may be that Michael died  
For some far other countryside  
Than that grey Ireland he had known,  
Yet on his dream of it was thrown  
Some light from that consuming Fire  
Which is the end of all desire.  
If men adore It as the power  
Empires and cities tower on tower  
Are built in worship by the way  
High Babylon or Nineveh.  
Seek It as love and there may be  
A Golden Age and Arcady.  
All shadows are they of one thing  
To which all life is journeying.

## EPILOGUE

*WELL, when all is said and done  
Best within my narrow way,  
May some angel of the sun  
Muse memorial o'er my clay :*

*" Here was beauty all betrayed  
From the freedom of her state ;  
From her human uses stayed  
On an idle rhyme to wait.*

*" Ah, what deep despair might move  
If the beauty lit a smile,  
Or the heart was warm with love  
That was pondering the while.*

*" He has built his monument  
With the winds of time at strife,  
Who could have before he went  
Written on the book of life.*

*" To the stars from which he came  
Empty handed, he goes home ;  
He who might have wrought in flame  
Only traced upon the foam."*

## NOTE

As the mythological references made in a few poems may partially obscure the meaning for those unacquainted with Celtic tradition, I have appended here a brief commentary on the names mentioned.

*Angus*, the Celtic Eros. In the bardic stories he is described as a tall, golden-haired youth playing on a harp and surrounded by singing birds. The kisses of these birds brought love and after that death.

*Balor*, the prince of the dark powers. His eye turned every living thing it rested on into stone. He was killed at the battle of Moytura by Lu the Sun-god.

*Dana*, the Hibernian mother of the gods who were named from her Tuatha De Danaan, or the Tribes of the goddess Dana. They are also sometimes called the Sidhe.

*Etain*, a Celtic goddess who is the subject of a famous story, "The Wooing of Etain." She

left the heaven world and became the wife of an ancient Irish king.

*Lir*, the Oceanus of Celtic mythology. Probably the Great Deep or original divinity from whom all sprang. His son Mananan MacLir was the most spiritual divinity known to the ancient Gael. Lir is more familiar as the father of the children who were changed into swans by magic, and who lived for long ages on the waters around the Irish coast. The story of the fate of the children of Lir was probably in its earliest form a mythological account of the descent of the spirit from the Heaven-world to the Earth and its final redemption.

*Lu or Lugh*, the great god of light who led the De Danaans at the battle of Moytura, and who slew Balor of the Evil Eye by a cast from his sling. He is a Celtic Hermes or Apollo.

*Fomor*, the dark powers who were opposed to the hosts of light, the Tuatha De Danaan. They enslaved the latter for a time until the De Danaans rose, led by Lu the Sun-god, and defeated the Fomors in the battle of Moytura.

*Silver Hand*. Nuada, one of the Danaan divinities, is called Nuada of the Silver Hand.

*Hound of Ulla*. Cuculain, the great champion of the Red Branch cycle of tales.



*Sacred Hazel*, the Celtic tree of life. It grew over Connla's Well, and the fruit which fell from it were the Nuts of Knowledge which give wisdom and inspiration. Connla's Well is a Celtic equivalent of the First Fountain of mysticism. As an old story states, "The folk of many arts have all drunk from that fountain."

"*The three great waves*" are "the wave of Toth, the wave of Rury, and the long, slow, white-foaming wave of Cleena." In the bardic stories these three mystical waves shout round the coast of Ireland in recognition of great kings and heroes.

"*The Feast of Age*," the druidic form of the mysteries. It was instituted by Mananan MacLir, and whoever partook of the feast became immortal.

THE END







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